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1. By what right does man control his fellow-man, and abridge a part of his natural liberty?

2. What is the object proposed by this control?

3. What are the means best adapted to the attainment of the object proposed?

Let us consider each of these in turn; and, first, *By what right does man control his fellow-man?*

The right, then, of abridging the liberty of our fellow-men by the establishment of social law, springs out of the very constitution of our nature, which, having a certain end to accomplish, has the right to fulfil it, and consequently to resist any attempt to impede this fulfilment. Man's wants are the same; all need food, shelter, &c.; but the physical strength of the different members of the great human family is very unequal: numbers, therefore, unite to effect what, singly, would be beyond their power; and some rude form of legal jurisdiction is at last devised to remedy the state of warfare which necessarily arises out of individual violence and individual self-defence.

Secondly, *What is the object of this control?*

The right of every man is to the development and perfection of his nature, and is coeval with his very creation. From this first right are derived three others:—

1. Security in life and limb.
2. Security of possessions requisite to his natural wants.
3. Instruction in childhood and freedom in manhood, sufficient for the development of the rational mind.

These are the securities which ought to be afforded by the control of social law, and it has no other legitimate object than the affording these securities; for man does not submit himself to control merely to please others, but for the sake of being uninterrupted in the pursuit of the great aims of his existence.

From this it follows that society has no right to inflict penalties for any other purpose than to secure these rights, and its enactments should have in view the prevention rather than the punishment of crime. The summary of the argument is thus stated:—

1. That all existing beings, having some aim and end of existence, they have a right to the means for the due perfecting of their nature, so as to accomplish that end.
 2. That they have consequently an inherent right to defend themselves against any violence which prevents this; and, if weak themselves, they may, and must seek the aid of others in order to this defence.
 3. That to put an end to the warfare thus engendered, which was an evil to all, law was resorted to, and to it was delegated the right of repressing violence, so as to render individual self-defence in great measure needless.
 4. That social law therefore directs its enactments towards the securing those under its jurisdiction from acts of violence which may deprive them of the means or the liberty to pursue the ends of their existence. It is consequently preventive, not vindictive.
 5. That the moral law, being immutable and unceasing, and enforced by penalties peculiarly its own, inflicted with unerring certainty, even if undetected by man, disdains the support of social law; but social law cannot stand without the aid of the moral law, and if, by unwise legislation, they are ever placed in opposition, social law will be inefficient.
- If these principles be acknowledged, and it is not easy to avoid acknowledging them, it remains now that we examine the code of criminal jurisprudence by their aid; and if we do not find its provisions in accordance with them, to point out how they might be made so; and this brings us to the third question.

The third question is, *What are the means best adapted to the attainment of the object proposed?*

In the early ages compensation to the sufferer, as well as punishment to the offender, was sought in all criminal legislation. But the worst injuries are often those which admit of no money compensation; and then arose the idea of the compensation of revenge, and the law inflicted on the perpetrator a penalty of the nature of the violence he had committed. But when both of these were found impracticable, the next attempt was to prevent crime by the severity of punishment. This

failing to repress crime, severity has been gradually relaxed. The three forms of punishment now generally adopted by our law are imprisonment, forced labour, and transportation. But the statistics of our gaols shew that these do not attain their object, and that crime increases faster than the population.

The author then enters upon an elaborate examination of the existing system, introducing many statistical and other facts. In illustration of the indiscriminating character of our present narrow schemes of punishment, and its failure to produce the results for which it is inflicted, some cases are stated, which are facts, though the names of the parties are withheld.

A has received sentence for forgery; B, for the fire he has raised; C, a man of some education, and who has been convicted of maliciously maiming another; and D, a being who in his uncultivated nature is but little above the level of the brute, has violated the person of a woman, have both received the same sentence as the two former. How will the ranks of persons pre-disposed to commit these several offences, and to whose minds and hearts the sentence passed upon these individuals should speak so as to prevent them from committing the like crimes, be affected by the judgment? In the consciousness of possessing a talent and a cunning sufficient to place them, after some short interval of hardship and discomfort, in a station far above all pecuniary want, in a new society; with well-remembered instances present to their minds of convicts of a like stamp living in luxury in New South Wales upon the fortunes they have amassed since their transportation, the sentence produces little or no deterring influence upon the class from which the forger has been taken.

Let us now turn to B, the rick-burner. His companions are in court, his fellow-labourers, when employment could be obtained, and to them he is very likely to be known as one who is capable of doing a kind action for a friend, and who loves his wife and children, and is beloved by them. The jury has found him guilty, and the judge, in his anxiety to prevent a repetition of the crime, has passed upon this unhappy man the severest sentence the law allows him to inflict. At one stroke all these tender ties are severed, he receives the fiat in mute despair, and in his agony swoons away. In this case the sentiment produced among bystanders is that of compassion for the offender, whose fault is almost forgotten in the extreme severity of the sentence, and the former companions of the prisoner leave the court with feelings of indignation and perhaps of conceived revenge against those whom they consider as their oppressors, restrained only by the basest of all possible motives, fear. And to the offender what is the consequence? Every tie that bound him to life is broken,—what matters it to him whether he conducts himself well or ill in the colony whither he is sent: he is there for life, he cannot hope to rejoin wife or children any more—he goes forth a reckless man, rendered worse instead of better by the sentence of the law, and the wife who is left behind with a large family to struggle against the world for a maintenance, with only the Union house, or starvation before her—not allowed a divorce in consequence of a sentence which severs her from her husband as effectually as death—is too frequently not less deteriorated in her moral character than the husband, by the stern sentence of the law.

C. perhaps has friends in good circumstances: he very soon finds means to enjoy such luxuries as the colony affords, and it is well known that he will do so.* Where is the deterring influence in this case?—the criminal is able to defy the law!

D. is sentenced, and leaves the court muttering curses against the judge; he is removed in due time to Australia, and employed upon the works in a government gang; he repeats his offence, perhaps, or is guilty of some other act of violence: he is again tried, and sentenced to the severer discipline of Norfolk Island. What this is in its results may be best understood from the evidence of the Rev. W. Ullathorne, D.D. a Roman Catholic priest, as given before a Committee of the House of Commons.

"There was a conspiracy in 1834 among the prisoners to

* A lieutenant in the army sentenced to transportation for a shameful outrage on a young lady, was seen driving his curricule in the streets of Sydney very soon after his arrival in the colony.

take the island from the military, and to obtain their freedom * * * A skirmish ensued, one or two persons were slain upon the spot, and I believe eleven or twelve were dangerously wounded; six or seven died of their wounds afterwards * * *

A commission was sent from Sydney to try them (the conspirators). In this case thirty-one were condemned to death. Some six months afterwards I proceeded from Sydney for the purpose of attending those who were to be executed, and on board the same ship was a Protestant clergyman likewise. On my arrival I immediately proceeded, although it was late at night, to the jail, the commandant having intimated to me that only five days could be allowed for preparation, and he furnished me with a list of the names of the thirteen who were to die, the rest having been reprieved * * * Upon entering I witnessed a scene such as I certainly never witnessed in my life before. The men were confined in three cells: they were then mixed together; they were not aware that any of them were reprieved. I found, so little had they expected the assistance of a clergyman, that when they saw me they at once gave up a plot for escape which they had very ingeniously planned, and which might, I think, have succeeded so far as their getting into the bush. I said a few words to induce them to resignation, and I then stated the names of those who were to die, and it is a remarkable fact that they one after another, as their names were pronounced, dropped on their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place; whilst the others remained mute and weeping. It was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed." The same gentleman, corroborated by other authorities, represents that the convicts are driven to despair; that they have been known to commit murder for the sake of ridding themselves of life, and according to the expression used by one of the convicts himself, "When a man comes to this island he loses the heart of a man, and gets the heart of a beast." Thus we see that, as if it were determined that he who entered that abode should have no hope left, there was not even a chaplain appointed by the government to speak words of admonition and comfort to the wretched men suffering a "punishment harder than they could bear."

I think that after this statement, I am justified in assuming that we are yet very far from having adopted the best means for obtaining the object which social law has in view, *i. e.* the prevention of crime, and that there is great need for a revision of this part of our laws.

But a subject so serious as this must not occupy too large a space in one number, and therefore we will resume it next week.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketches from Life. By the late LAMAN BLANCHARD, With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir E. L. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. In 3 vols. London: Colburn.

THE NAME of LAMAN BLANCHARD is familiar to all readers of periodicals, to the best of which he was for many years a regular contributor. Personally he was known to a wide circle of friends, distinguished in literature and art, to whom he was endeared by a heart as large and loving as ever man was blessed withal, and by conversational powers that made him a welcome guest at the social board. His authorcraft was of a pleasing but not of a very lofty class. He could not aspire to the title of genius,—which is essentially creative—but he possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty properly known by the name of talent. His fancy was prolific of new combinations of old ideas presented in a singularly graceful, lively, and attractive form. He was essentially an essayist, and he had the good sense not to attempt flights beyond his powers. Nature, education, and inclination combined to fit him for the duty he discharged so well, keeping up a constant fire from the light artillery of the brain, catering for the idle hours of a public seeking rather to be amused than instructed, yet omitting no fair opportunity to diffuse healthy sentiments and implant kindlier feelings, and widen charities between those whom class, sect, or party have too much taught to behold one another with an evil eye. But literature of this class is a poor dependence for a man who has the claims of a household upon his purse. It is trifling in amount at the

best; but, worse still, the profit is uncertain in its advent. Worst of all, it is destroyed by the calamities that make its rewards more needful. The brain is not like the hand; it cannot work mechanically, at will. The task of composition cannot be forced at all times, and under all circumstances. The condition of mind necessary for the pursuit of the author's vocation is beyond his own control. It comes, he knows not why, departs, he cannot tell wherefore. To work against that involuntary disinclination is, of all toils, the most tedious, the most wearing, the most destructive, and the results are never satisfactory. Yet such is the labour imposed upon him who writes to live; who must fill the prescribed pages or send his children supperless to bed. What wonder that so many minds yield to the strain and become distraught, and that destitution and misery cloud the close of so many lives that have opened amid cheerfulness hopes and the gladdest sunshine? Mr. BLANCHARD is but an addition to a long catalogue of unfortunates who have fallen victims to the fatal error that tempts men to throw themselves upon literature for support, instead of securing a certain income by some more common-place employ, and resorting to their pens as a graceful and profitable addition—a legitimate means of turning to account those hours which by persons of other tastes are devoted to profitless amusements.

The melancholy death of Mr. BLANCHARD excited much public sympathy. His family were left destitute, but not friendless. They who had loved the father hastened to the aid of the children. One of the plans proposed for their assistance in the hour of need was the obvious one of the publication, in a collected form, of those writings in which his life was, as it were, worn out. Sir E. L. BULWER LYTTON, who had known him well and esteemed him highly, undertook the generous task of prefacing the work with a brief biography of the writer. Mr. AINSWORTH, Mr. COLBURN, and other proprietors of the periodicals to which he had contributed, generously resigned their copyrights and permitted the republication of the articles they had purchased. The results of this rivalry of charity are now before us in three delightful volumes, which not only carry with them the recommendation of being a charity towards those who need it much, but have an intrinsic interest which of itself would command the patronage of all who love that most agreeable class of compositions allied to the *Spectator* and the other old British Essayists of whom Mr. BLANCHARD was a legitimate descendant, with such changes only in manner and costume as might adapt him to the times of which he treated and to the generation to which he addressed himself.

Sir E. B. LYTTON's biography is beautifully written, as a few extracts will shew.

"Who," he says, "among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that child-like readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrisse every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine-breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious, it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness, which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet (alas! the melancholy facts compel him to add) few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal, of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmaturing resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination: is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power

purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good."

Farther on he remarks:—"His habits necessarily forbade the cultivation of deep scholarship, and the careful development of serious thought. But his information upon all that interested the day was for the same reason various and extending over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humours of men with a light gaiety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigour which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humour or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the graceful instincts of the poet. He certainly never fulfilled the great promise which his 'Lyric Offerings' held forth. He never wrote up to the full mark of his powers, the fountain never rose to the level of its source. * * *

"When all the drawbacks upon what he actually was are made and allowed—enough remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honourable place among writers of his age. Putting aside his practical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high among a class of writers in which for the last century we have not been rich—the Essayists whose themes are drawn from social subjects sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight memoir deserve a place in every collection of *Belles Lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading—the charm that comes from bequeathing pleasurable impressions. They all suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, are gall in their gentle sarcasm; added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective. Such works, more than many, which aspire to a higher flight, and address themselves to truth with a ruder and more vigorous courtship, are calculated to enjoy a tranquil popularity, and a favoured station amongst the dead who survive in books."

The character of LAMAN BLANCHARD, viewed as a specimen of a class very numerous in England, assumes a peculiar interest. Sir EDWARD remarks on this: "He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters of our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits. In his life are apparent many of the sores and evils peculiar to literary men in a country in which mind is regarded but as a common ware of merchandise; its products to be bought but by the taste and fashion of the public; with no resource in those provisions which elsewhere (and in Germany more especially) the state affords to such as quit the Agora for the Schools. The institution of professional chairs in Germany has not only saved many a scholar from famine, many a genius from despair, but, by offering subsistence and dignity to that valuable class of writers whose learning and capacities unfit them, by reason of their very depth, for wide popularity,

it has given worthy and profitable inducements to grave study, and, more than all else, has maintained the German fame for patient erudition and profound philosophy. And this has been effected without the evils which free-traders in literature have supposed the concomitants of the system; it has not lessened the boldness and originality of such authors as a public alone can reward and appreciate; nor has it crushed, by the patronage of a state, the spirit of free inquiry and enlarged discussion. In England, the author who would live on his works can live only by the public; in other words, by the desultory readers of light literature; and hence the inevitable tendency of our literary youth is towards the composition of works without learning and forethought. Leisure is impossible to him who must meet the exigencies of the day; much information of a refining and original kind is not for the multitude. The more imaginative rush to novels, and the more reflective fritter away their lives in articles for periodicals. Under such influences the author of these volumes lived and died."

Another truth is evolved in a subsequent passage. BLANCHARD had been employed upon *The Courier* by his friend, Mr. JAMES STUART, but "a change of proprietorship and of politics in that newspaper occasioned Mr. Blanchard's retirement, and necessitated the loss of an income, for him considerable. His services to the Whigs, then in office, had been sufficient to justify a strong appeal in his behalf for some small appointment. The appeal, though urged with all zeal by one who had himself some claims on the Government, was unsuccessful. The fact really is, that Governments, at present, have little among their subordinate patronage to bestow upon men whose abilities are not devoted to a profession. The man of letters is like a stray joint in a boy's puzzle—he fits into no place. Let the partisan but have taken orders—let him but have eaten a sufficient number of dinners at the inns of court—and livings, and chapels, and stalls, and assistant-barristerhips and commissionerhips, and colonial appointments, can reward his services and prevent his starving. But for the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his death-bed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler! And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place amongst his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which 'the something to verify promise was to be completed.' No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggles, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in this career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus, generally, we find in such men that the break-up of constitution seems sudden and unlooked for. The causes of disease and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement."

The facts of his life are few. He was educated at St. Olave's School, Southwark, was articled to a proctor in Doctors' Commons—infected with the youthful folly of ardent and imaginative minds, he despised the drudgery of the desk; the stage was his ambition; he quitted his employ and joined a party of strolling players at Margate. But a week's experience disgusted him with an actor's vagabond life. He returned to London, but not to his profession. He resolved to embrace literature as a pursuit—he wrote poetry and essays for periodicals—a wretched subsistence—yet in sole reliance upon it he married at the age of twenty! But his marriage

was more blest than are usually such improvident connections. His devotion to his wife extended to the last day of her life with even more than youthful passion; he adored her: they were indeed one in perfect love; she died a few months since, and with her died his hopes, his energy; his mind could not endure the shock of that terrible bereavement; it was crushed by the cruel blow; reason fled, and in that dark hour of insanity he put an end to an existence which had lost the sun that gave it all its light.

A few specimens of Mr. BLANCHARD'S writings will appropriately close this brief notice, and contribute to the interest of our columns, and we hope tempt many to add these three volumes to their orders for their book clubs, and to the shelves of their libraries.

What a truthful sketch is this!—

AN AFTER-DINNER ORATION.

Some speakers are usually brought upon their legs by some mark of respect, and are therefore objects of compassion. As they have been deemed worthy of a tribute of honour one pities them. Theirs is rather a hard case certainly. They came out to be comfortable; they are unanimously selected as meriting a compliment; they have the esteem and praises of the whole table, and they are consequently put to the torture. Watch a modest man of this class undergoing "all the honours," as per order, from the chair. He was in excellent spirits before you drank his health; he never felt better in his life than when unconscious of your concern about him; he wanted nothing on earth until he found himself in possession of your good wishes, but now he is miserable to the finger tips. Observe how they tremulously touch the table when he has risen to fulfil the grateful duty of stretching himself upon the rack. Listen! No, you can't catch his voice yet, but you may hear his knees knock together. He is a bold, brave fellow, and no fool either, is this shivering Incapable. He is a dashing politician, and thrusts a sharp pen six times a week clean through a dozen tolerably eloquent members of Parliament, he has drowned a few oratorical peers in his inkstand. But look at him now! He can't say "Bo" to the chairman. He hasn't a word to throw at the dog that proposed his health. He lacks power to express his grateful sense of this horrible dilemma you have placed him in. His full clear voice is thick and low; his command of language is reduced to a few of the most hackpied and common-place phrases; and even these he used without the least pretensions to grace. What confusion and havoc does this penalty make in a man's mind! One of the most sensible and judicious persons alive, but one of the least "accustomed to public speaking," being obliged to address a small company, all associates on some Shakespearian subject; no less in fact, "the memory of Shakspeare," which was the toast he had to propose, actually in his nervousness and confusion introduced the poet as one "whose name he was sure must be known to every gentleman present!" There's fame! There were almost twenty persons, and most of them must have been authors.

And this—

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

For some considerable period previous to the world's arrival at years of discretion, it was a question whether women had souls; but that men, by whom the question was modestly mooted, had minds—each male creature having a whole one to his own share—was never disputed for an instant. Yet this, like other indubitable truths, there is great reason to doubt. How many hundreds of particular friends could each of us give a list of who have never thoroughly succeeded in "making up their minds," who really "never know their own minds." How should they, when they change them so often? They are not in the same mind two seconds together. They never keep a mind long enough to know it. Yet while in this very state, the whole tribe of human chameleons are fain to flatter themselves that they have "two minds" instead of none. When a man doesn't know what to think, he observes, "I have two minds." When most irresolute, we think ourselves capable of wonderful determination. How to decide is more than we can tell—what in the world to do we know not—but we have "a very great mind." Second thoughts are often sneakers—treacherous untiers of true love-knots, roguish dis honourers of handsome acceptances. The first thought comes with a hand open as day, the second with a tight fist prepared rather for a blow than a boon. The first springs from a generous disinterested impulse, the second from a shrinking of the heart and a selfish betrayal of self. The first is a gallant gentleman, a little imprudent and headlong sometimes; the second, a close curmudgeon, who won't do good when it costs him nothing, lest it grow into a habit, and he be induced to sacrifice a sixpence at past eighty. Second thoughts turn the jovial resolution to make your visitor stop to dinner into a hesitating hope that he will come and dine some day when the weather settles. They pare a

banquet down to a sandwich, under the pretence of making it the feast of reason, and leave you to find the flow of soul in cold water. All that need be said for them is that they are best once in a way, but the exception proves the rule of inferiority. A man whose impulses are in favour of stinginess, is seldom generous on second thoughts; but generosity often falls back upon meanness when it has had time to cogitate. Second thoughts are far less liable to say, boldly, "I'll make him a present of it," or, "I'll discharge the duties gratuitously," than to mutter inwardly, "Why should I?" or "I may as well ask for another hundred a-year when I'm about it." The effort to be virtuous, in frequent instances, dies away before its purpose is completed; but meditated vice rarely rises, by the second thought medium into pure and exalted virtue. Even when second thoughts come to a right purpose, they generally come in the wrong place. They thrust themselves forward to break off a match after a heart has been won, and a family thrown into convulsions; but they never made their appearance at the heels of the declaration of love, when it might more easily have been tripped up. Second thoughts have an awkward habit of being too late. They have a knack of sending the reprieve after the victim has been turned off. The good intention of going to drag a neighbour out of the flames when his house is on fire, is, if the result of second thoughts, pretty sure to find the object of his tardy humanity reduced to a cinder. The good intention of plunging in to the rescue of a drowning wretch, who has twice risen to the surface, is defeated by the selfish intruder, second thoughts, suggesting to the humane spectator of the accident, "Though you can swim well, you may be seized with the cramp;" and second thoughts may be seen scampering off along the banks of the river, on a benevolent search for assistance half a mile off. Before this has been attained it has become useless, and then another thought arises—"Perhaps I had better know nothing at all about the affair thus accidentally witnessed, or I may get blamed for inhumanity which was but common prudence—rheumatism's no joke." This is another disadvantage attendant upon second thoughts—they lead to third; and these in turn to suggestions darker and darker—and so on to things without number, that are no thoughts at all, until the mind becomes a prey to indecision, and exhausts itself in the conviction that it cannot be stable unless it is shifting, and that the way to be right is to be continually abandoning one wrong position for another.

We conclude with some equally clever comments on

MAKING FREE WITH A FRIEND.

We can take any freedom with a friend; we stand on no ceremony with a friend. This taking a friendly freedom, often means taking somebody by the arm and dragging him into a desperate scrape, because we reverence him above all other men. This standing on no ceremony, frequently implies sitting below the salt at your friend's board, and being wholly overlooked in the flattering attentions lavished upon a guest, whom your friend cares not ever to see again. These things daily happen "in the beaten way of friendship." Dine with a man who had selected you from the whole world as his own; who had eyes and chose you; who plays Hamlet to your Horatio: he sits you down to a friendly dinner, and gives you his second best port—no hock—no—champaigne—no claret. Dine again, when he would not for the world you were absent, as he is desirous of entertaining an illustrious obscure whom he despises; you occupy no seat of honour, to be sure, on that occasion, but you are regaled with your friend's best port, and invited to deliver verdicts upon his champaigne and claret. You are comparatively certain of being well treated, when the entertainment is not got up on your account—when you play a subordinate part in the friendly comedy; although then, if there happen to be a cold plate or a shabby bunch of grapes, you are sure of getting it, because your friend can "take the liberty with you," he knows "you don't mind it." We feel bound to be punctual and conscientious with those we are indifferent about; while we can afford at any time, on the frostiest night, to be an hour after our appointment with the single gentleman who occupies an apartment in our heart's core. With him we can play any prank that pleases our humour, or suits our convenience. We can fail to visit him when he expects us; if we have to make a call upon an acquaintance, we can leave his letter unanswered for a week, if we have notes about nothings to reply to from unexpected correspondents. The pledge one gives him, is an after-dinner promise to one's wife to be at home at eleven, which is rigidly observed, if nothing happens to tempt one to break faith. It may be kept or it may not be kept. We are to be punctual—if we like."

*Memoirs and Correspondence of the Most Noble
Richard Marquis Wellesley.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE return with pleasure to these interesting and useful volumes. After the overthrow of Tippo Sultan at Seringapatam, and the consequent frustration of the designs of the French upon India, Lord WELLESLEY promptly and energetically applied himself to the task of consolidating on a firm basis the British power, and of improving the social condition of the millions who inhabited the vast territories over which he ruled. Had these but seen their true interest—had they recognized at once the comforts, in the shape of security of life and property, and of equal administration of the laws, which result from a dependency on the British crown, the undertaking had been less onerous and difficult than he found it. Surrounded on all sides by turbulent, treacherous, and marauding nations; having, furthermore, in the very people who bore allegiance to him, countless jealousies, arising from religion, customs, and other prejudices, and a thousand distracting interests to contend with, the position of the Governor-General was equally hazardous and responsible. Happily his foresight of contingencies and penetration into the character of the people whom he governed, added to sagacity of counsel, courage, and determined vigour in action, overcame all difficulties, and secured to this country the most valuable of her territories. The occupation of the Portuguese settlement of Goa by the English; the conclusion of a treaty with Persia, whereby the government undertook "to repel and extirpate" any French force which might endeavour to force a passage through that country, and to make common cause with Great Britain against her enemies; the seizure and occupation of the Danish settlements Tranquebar and Serampore; the conclusion of a treaty with the Nawab Vizier, by which he surrendered Oude to the Hon. East India Company, we here barely mention, that we may pass at once to the act which even yet more than his strategic and diplomatic triumphs sheds glory over the name of Lord WELLESLEY—the foundation of the College of Fort William. The necessities which suggested the establishment of such an institution are given in a very elaborate paper called "Notes by the Governor-General in Council," and are thus epitomized by Mr. PEARCE.

At the time that Lord Wellesley undertook the administration of the Indian government there was no course of training or study for the civil and military servants of the East India Company. Cadets proceeded at an early age from England to India, and they were forthwith placed in command of troops, of whose language, customs, religions, and feelings they knew nothing; being at the same time in ignorance of even the rudiments of military science. As to the civil servants of the Company, many were of opinion that anything like learning would be thrown away upon those whose principal duties were supposed to be "the weighing of tea, the counting of bales, and the measuring of muslins!" Indeed, at that period there was not such an institution as a military academy in England; in consequence of which circumstance, the Honourable Arthur Wellesley was sent to acquire a theoretical knowledge of warfare to the military school at Angers, in France.

The value of a "strict systematic course of training and study for the formation of an efficient class of public servants" was strongly insisted on by the noble marquis.

Within the stately walls of the university of Calcutta, his Lordship fondly hoped to train up a host of public-spirited men, capable of becoming efficient servants of the honourable Company which sways the sovereign power in India, and zealous upholders of British power in the East; while within its secluded courts he opened a fountain at which he invited the native student,—the Mohammedan and Hindoo,—the Persian, Indian and Arabian,—to drink and be wise.

On the 10th July, 1800, the Governor-General issued orders in council for the foundation of the college, and appointed a full complement of officers and professors. The philanthropic and noble intentions of the founder were destined to be thwarted by the purliness of the Court of Directors in England, who, though they professed "to applaud the design, and unequivocally to sanction the principles on which Lord WELLESLEY had acted, for some reason never sufficiently explained, ordered the college to be abolished."

The greatness of the expense, says Mr. Pearce, was the excuse put forward; but the truth appears to be, that the men of mere facts, figures, and money-bags, were not reasoned out of their

predilection for the old routine of mere mercantile utility; they had not sufficiently entered into Lord Wellesley's enlightened and comprehensive views for uplifting the character of the natives of India; and we fear we must add, that they were actuated by some small personal piques, because the Governor-General had attempted to execute, on a scale of such magnitude, so grand a design, without previous authority from Lendenhall-street.

On receipt of the order for suppression of the college, Lord WELLESLEY determined to delay its execution till he should again hear from England, and in the mean time forwarded a respectful remonstrance to the Directors. So necessary an institution did he consider this, and such was his earnestness to establish it, that in a private letter to Lord DARTMOUTH about this time, he remarks "If the Court should ultimately abolish this institution, it is my fixed and unalterable resolution to propose to Parliament, immediately after my return to England, a law for the restitution of an establishment which I know to be absolutely requisite for the good government of these possessions. So convinced am I of the necessity of this institution that I am determined to devote the remainder of my political life to its establishment, as the greatest benefit that can be imparted to the public service in India, and as the best security which can be provided for the welfare of our native subjects." Listen to the eloquent and sincere testimony of the venerable missionary CAREY to the value of an institution which the sordid parsimony of the East India Company disallowed.

"I, now an old man," continued the venerable Carey, "have lived for a long series of years among the Hindoos; I have been in the habit of preaching to multitudes daily, of discoursing with the Brahmans on every subject, and superintending schools for the instruction of the Hindoo youth. Their language is nearly as familiar to me as my own. This close intercourse with the natives for so long a period, and in different parts of our empire, has afforded me opportunities of information not inferior to those which have hitherto been presented to any other person. I may say, indeed, that their manners, customs, habits, and sentiments are as obvious to me as if I was myself a native. And knowing them as I do, and hearing as I do their daily observations on our government, character, and principles, I am warranted to say (and I deem it my duty to embrace the public opportunity now offered me of saying it) that the institution of this college was wanting to complete the happiness of the natives under our dominion; for this institution will break down that barrier (our ignorance of their language) which has ever opposed the influence of our laws and principles, and has despoiled our administration of its energy and effect.

"Were, however, the institution to cease from this moment, its salutary effects would yet remain. Good has been done which cannot be undone. Sources of useful knowledge, moral instruction, and political utility, have been opened to the natives of India which can never be closed; and their civil improvement, like the gradual civilization of our own country, will advance in progression for ages to come."

Alluding to the students in the college, Dr. Carey, turning to the Marquis Wellesley, continued, "These illustrious scholars, my Lord, the pride of their country and the pillars of this empire, will record your name in many a tongue, and secure your fame for ever. Your fame is already recorded in their hearts. The whole body of youth of this service hail you as their father and their friend! Your name will be safe in their hands. No revolution of opinion or change of circumstances can rob you of the solid glory derived from the humane, just, liberal, and magnanimous principles which have been embodied by your administration."

The interference of the Board of Control saved the college during Lord WELLESLEY's administration, "but the controversy between the Governor-General and the Directors was protracted till his lordship's departure for England," nor did all his exertions sustain it.

The College of Fort William during its existence materially furthered the diffusion of Christianity in India. We are informed by the Rev. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN that under the auspices of the Marquis of WELLESLEY, versions of the Christian scriptures in the Hindostanee and Malay, Orissa, Maharrattah, and Bengalese languages were undertaken at the college. It is a fact which we learned for the first time from Mr. PEARCE, that when the Portuguese under VASCO DE GAMA in 1498 opened the navigation of India, they found on the coast of Malabar a colony of Christians remaining from the time of the preaching of St. THOMAS. We subjoin some interesting particulars of the

NATIVE CHRISTIANS OF MALABAR.

The difference of their character and colour attested the mix-

ture of a foreign race. In arms, in arts, and possibly in virtue, they excelled the natives of Hindostan: the husbandmen cultivated the palm-tree, the merchants were enriched by the pepper trade, the soldiers preceded the *nairs*, or nobles of Malabar, and their hereditary privileges were respected by the gratitude or fear of the King of Cochin and the Zamorin himself. They acknowledged a Gentoo sovereign, but they were governed, even in temporal concerns, by the Bishop of Angamala. He still asserted his ancient title of Metropolitan of India, but his real jurisdiction was exercised in fourteen hundred churches, and he was intrusted with the care of two hundred thousand souls. Their religion would have rendered them the firmest and most cordial allies of the Portuguese, but the inquisitors soon discovered in the Christians of St. Thomas the unpardonable guilt of heresy and schism. Instead of owning themselves the subjects of the Roman pontiff, the spiritual and temporal monarch of the globe, they adhered, like their ancestors, to the communion of the Nestorian patriarch; and the bishops whom he ordained at Mosul traversed the dangers of the sea and land to reach their diocese on the coast of Malabar. Their separation from the western world had left them in ignorance of the improvements or corruptions of a thousand years; and their conformity with the faith and practice of the fifth century would equally disappoint the prejudice of a Papist or a Protestant.

Lord WELLESLEY, knowing it had been the custom at the island of Saugor, and at other reputed holy places on the banks of the Ganges, to immolate human victims by drowning or destruction by sharks, called upon the learned Bramins of Fort William College to produce their shasters, and shew by what ordinance these enormities were committed. The poor Bramins had no sanction to allege but custom—the *lex non scripta* of the Hindoos, which the Governor-General, considering insufficient, issued an order in council, declaring these acts thenceforth to be murder, and accordingly punishable with death. With the horrid practice of *suttee* he was compelled to proceed more cautiously. He called on the pundits to produce their shasters, and again they alleged the *common law*—custom. An investigation into the extent of this cruelty was instituted, which shewed that between the 15th of April and the 15th of October, 1804, the great number of 116 widows were immolated within an area of thirty miles of Calcutta, and between 1756 and 1829 no less than 70,000 widows were burnt on the funeral pyre in our Indian dominions. The following is a brief picture of that most dreadful of barbarities:—

A SUTTEE.

In the province of Orissa, it was the custom when the wife of a man of rank burned that all his concubines were obliged to burn with her. In the event of their refusal they were dragged forcibly to the place and pushed with bamboos into the flames. The self-sacrifice by Indian women is noticed by the Greek writers three hundred years before the birth of Christ, and it is alluded to with approbation by Cicero. The ceremonies observed at *Suttees* are nearly the same in every part of Asia.

The husband is directed by the physician, when there are no hopes of his recovery, to be carried to the river side, and the wife then breaks a small branch from the mango-tree, takes it with her, and proceeds to the body, where she sits down. The barber paints the sides of her feet red; after which she bathes, and puts on new clothes. During these preparations the drum beats a certain sound, by which it is known that a widow is about to be burnt with the corpse of her husband. On hearing this, all the village assembles. The son, or, if there be no son, a relation, or the head man of the village, provides the articles necessary for the ceremony. A hole is dug in the ground, round which stakes are driven into the earth, and thick green stakes laid across to form a kind of bed, upon which are laid abundance of dry faggots, hemp, clarified butter, and other combustibles. The widow now presents her ornaments to her friends, ties some red cotton on both wrists, puts two new combs in her hair, paints her forehead, and puts some parched rice and cowries into the end of the cloth which she wears. While this is going forward the dead body is anointed with clarified butter and bathed, prayers are repeated over it, and it is dressed in new clothes. Ropes and another piece of cloth are spread upon the pile. The widow walks seven times round the funeral pile, strewing parched rice and cowries, and then she ascends the pile, or rather throws herself upon it.

Disgusted with the conduct of the Court of Directors in the affair of Fort William College, and the hostility of a section of the Board, Lord WELLESLEY, at the commencement of 1802, tendered his resignation. At the earnest request of the Government and Directors, he was induced to withdraw this, and he retained his high office until he had brought to a successful conclusion the Mahratta war, which lasted five months,

and was marked by a series of the most brilliant and decisive victories.

In January 1806 the Marquis of WELLESLEY reached the shores of this country, after nine years' residence in India. The anxieties and harassing duties of his office, added to the debilitating effects of climate, had considerably impaired his health. In the following year, we find him invited by GEORGE III. to join the Duke of PORTLAND's administration, which he declined. In April 1809, he was appointed ambassador extraordinary to Spain, where he rendered effective support to the British army in its efforts to expel the French from the Peninsula. After the duel between Lord CASTLEREAGH and Mr. CANNING, and the break-up of the cabinet, the King despatched messengers to Seville, offering to Lord WELLESLEY the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, which the noble marquis accepted, and he was gazetted accordingly on the 6th of December, 1809. For the details of his conduct during the period when he held this responsible post, of his subsequent parliamentary career, and during his vigorous administration of the affairs of Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant, in times of great commotion and danger, we refer to the copiously stored pages of Mr. PEARCE.

In the year 1825 the Marquis of WELLESLEY married an American lady named PATTERSON, described as being "of great beauty, elevation of mind, and dignity of manners." On the accession of his brother, the Duke of WELLINGTON, to the office of Premier, and the agitation of the great question of Catholic Emancipation, on which they differed—Lord WELLESLEY having steadily advocated that measure, and the Duke at that time opposing it—the noble marquis resigned the vice-gerency of Ireland. In 1833 he was a second time appointed Lord Lieutenant, and again he resigned in the year 1834. He now retired full of years and honours to rest from the labours of an eventful and highly honourable public life, and amuse the close of his days with those "classical studies and elegant pursuits which at all periods of his existence had been his solace and delight." He died peaceably at Kingston House, Brompton, on the 26th of September 1842, in the eighty-third year of his age, and was buried in the chapel of his beloved Eton. His personal appearance and private character are thus described by Mr. PEARCE:—

Lord Wellesley was, in private life, a steady friend,—a man of the finest sensibilities, the highest sense of honour, generosity bordering on profuseness, and of the most gentle and affectionate disposition,—during his latter years, one who knew him well, observes, "next to his books, nothing so refreshed his mind as the intercourse with those friends in whose society and converse he delighted."

His person was small and symmetrical—his face remarkable for intellectual beauty,—and his whole deportment elegant and dignified!—he possessed a fine, manly, voice, and delivered his sentiments in public with great perspicuity and effect.

"The excellence of Lord Wellesley's speeches," remarks Lord Brougham, "has been mentioned. The taste which he had formed from study of the great Greek exemplars kept him above all tinsel and vulgar ornaments, and made him jealously hold fast by the purity of our language; but it had not taught him the virtue of conciseness; and he who knew the *περί γρηγορίου* by heart, and always admitted its unmeasurable superiority to the second Philippic, and the Pro Milone, yet formed his own style altogether upon the Roman model. That style, indeed, was considerably diffuse; and the same want of compression, the same redundancy of words, accompanied, however, by substantial though not always needful sense, was observable, though much less observable in his poetical pieces, which generally possessed very high excellence. It is singular to mark the extraordinary contrast which his thoughts and his expressions presented in this respect. There was nothing superfluous or round-about in his reasoning—nothing dilatory or feeble in the conceptions which produced his plans. He saw his object at once, and with intuitive sagacity; he saw it in its true colours and real dimensions; he, at one glance, espied the path, and the shortest path that led to it; he in an instant took that path and reached his end. The only prolixity that he ever fell into was, in explaining or defending the proceedings thus concisely and rapidly taken. To this, some addition was not unnaturally made by the dignity which the habits of vice-regal state made natural to him, and the complimentary style which, if a very little tinged with Oriental taste, was very much more the result of a kindly and generous nature."

We cannot close this notice without laying before our readers a specimen of his Lordship's poetical talents; we select from those submitted—

THE RUINS OF JERUSALEM,

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS.

Among the sands, and cliffs, and desert caves,
 At Zion's feet, where Siloa sheds her tears,
 Beneath the rock-hewn overhanging graves,
 The faded form of Solyma appears.
 No more the fragrant clouds of incense round
 The towers and spires of God's high temple roll;
 No more the festal horn, nor altar's sound,
 Of choral voice sublime uplift the soul;
 No solemn step nor songs thanksgiving raise;
 No hand awakes the Hebrew lyre divine:
 No crowded worship fills God's courts with praise,
 No more His presence hallows Zion's shrine.
 Even Israel exiled wanders; doom'd to roam
 Scatter'd, dissociated, o'er land and main,
 Of man and God rejected, without home,
 Never these native dwellings to regain!
 The Pagan haunts Idume's palmy shore,
 And Moriah's hills, and Liban's cedarn shade,
 And treads, alas! the Sanctuary's floor,
 Holy of Holies by God's presence made!
 Bereft of Israel Solyma! in sight
 Of God ye stood, with grace and glory crown'd,
 Till, lost in pride, ye spurn'd Heaven's proffer'd light,
 And stain'd with blood divine your sacred ground.

His Latin poems do not, in our opinion, deserve the distinction that has been accorded them. They are not uniformly of the classic Latin in which HORACE, CATULLUS, and VIRGIL clothed their graceful thoughts, but contain idioms and turns of expression decidedly English. We need only cite in support of this the apostrophe at the conclusion of the inscription on the tomb of Miss BROUGHAM:—

"I pete caelestes ubi nulla est cura recessus!
 Et Tibi sit nullo mista dolore Quies!"

Here we take our leave of these carefully compiled, entertaining, and useful volumes, cordially recommending them to every library in the kingdom.

SCIENCE.

The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. By R. I. MURCHISON, E. DE VERNEUIL, and Count A. VON KEYSERBERG. In 2 vols. London: Murray.

M. VON BUCH sent to Mr. MURCHISON an extensive cabinet of Russian fossils, accompanied with an intimation that Russia offered to the geologist an interesting field for investigation, and especially that it would be found to afford important evidence of the truth of that which Mr. MURCHISON had introduced to the world as the *Silurian System*. Accordingly, in the year 1840, Mr. MURCHISON, accompanied by M. de VERNEUIL, repaired to St. Petersburg, and there secured the assistance of Count A. VON KEYSERBERG, also a naturalist of some note. The three made excursions into various parts of the country, sometimes together, sometimes separately, and for nearly two years they continued their observations. In 1842, Mr. MURCHISON returned to England, and was there visited by his fellow-labourers. Then it was that the plan of the work before us was arranged. In the following year Count KEYSERBERG traversed the north-eastern portion of Russia, and Mr. MURCHISON explored a large section of Poland. In the year 1844 the latter surveyed the rocks that encompass Russia on the north-west.

The results of these various and extensive researches are comprised in the volumes whose title appears above, and which certainly form the most valuable contribution to science which has been made for many years. From them we will endeavour to extract a few passages likely to interest and amuse the reader, referring him for the more scientific details to the work itself. It is manifest that justice cannot be done to these latter by isolated paragraphs or within the compass of a notice in a literary journal; and therefore we will not weary the reader and waste words in the attempt.

It seems from the researches of Mr. MURCHISON and his colleagues, that the Caspian sea and the other inland waters of the same district, are the remains of a vast mediterranean, which, gradually contracting, has left behind it a huge mass of marine deposits, having a peculiar character, but some having congeners in existing races. The contraction of this sea appears to have been produced by the gradual elevation of its bed, probably through volcanic agency. One of the most interesting passages is the description of

THE URAL MOUNTAINS.

Though the Ural Mountains have been examined during more than a century and a quarter, and although many of their rocks and minerals have been described by men of science, their true geological structure has not yet been sufficiently explained. This statement should not, however, excite surprise. Considering the short space which has elapsed since the conquest of Siberia, and up to how recent a time these mountain tracts remained in a state of impenetrable forest, inhabited by idolatrous Voguls and Ostiaks upon the north, and Mahomedan Bashkirs on the south, we ought rather to feel astonishment at the rate with which the region has been cleared and civilised through the introduction of European manners and mining industry. When Peter the Great, with a keen perception of the surest methods of advancing his empire, selected the first Demidoff, to explore the iron ores of these mountains, he laid the foundation of the great native mineral wealth which now so conspicuously distinguishes Russia from all the surrounding nations. The earliest mining establishments or zavods planted by that great sovereign are still the centres of activity, and have served as models after which numerous other works have been formed, both by the government and private speculators. In the days of Pallas, geology was so little understood (a few gold-mines only being known, and a great portion of the country unreclaimed), that the descriptions of the great naturalist are chiefly to be viewed as vivid portraits of living nature. As such, indeed, his observations have well stood the test of time, and small gleanings only have remained for those who followed him. Since that time, the Russian miners, learning their first lesson from foreigners, have become a well-informed class, independent of extraneous aid, and their directors (officers of the Imperial School of Mines) have described the lithological and mineral characters of the country, around their respective posts, with great fidelity. Some of these works, to which we shall hereafter allude, are illustrated by maps; and for a further acquaintance with them, we request our readers to consult the instructive volumes of the Mining Corps. Among these authors they will not fail to distinguish Colonel Helmersen, for his determination of the chief heights, for his graphic sketch of the general features of the mountain range, as contrasted with the remote Altai, and for many geological and lithological distinctions, made in conjunction with his associate, Professor Hoffman. In our own day, Humboldt, however, is the individual who has given a cosmical importance to this chain, by shewing how, in common with other mountains which have what he terms a *meridian* direction, it possesses auriferous and peculiar metalliferous characters. By his comprehensive general views, the illustrious traveller and his enlightened companion, Mr. G. Rose, have also gone far towards rendering the task of geologists both light and easy, for they have clearly indicated the principal forms of a large portion of these mountains, the direct dependence of the metamorphism and mineralisation of sedimentary masses upon the intrusion of plutonic matter, and have acquainted us minutely with the nature of the crystalline rocks and simple minerals of the chain. Again, judging from organic remains sent to him by the Russian authorities, or brought back by Baron Humboldt and his associates, M. von Buch had asserted the existence of silurian and carboniferous rocks in the Ural. After such results, what then, it may be asked, remained to be accomplished? We answer—To identify the broken masses of those mountains with their types in other countries—to compare them with deposits in the plains of Russia, whose age we had determined—and to produce, if practicable, a general geological view and map of the whole chain.

Among the fossil remains of Russia is the mammoth,

and another huge animal, of which there are a few, and only a few, still remaining. The *Bos Urus* is found in fossil, and now and then a lingering living specimen is found in the more desert districts; but none, alive or dead, has yet reached Western Europe. But this deficiency is, we are happy to see, about to be supplied. Mr. MURCHISON observes:—

Notwithstanding the deep interest attached to the *Bos Aurochs*, which may, we suppose, prove to be the only existing remnant of the great quadrupeds of former days, there does not exist a single skeleton or stuffed specimen of the species either in France or the British Isles. As far as England is concerned, this reproach is about to be removed through the munificence of the Emperor Nicholas, who, at the request of Mr. Murchison (graciously supported by his imperial highness the Grand Duke Michael) has directed that a fine animal, selected from the unique herd now living in the forest called Bialawieja, should be killed, and his skin and skeleton sent to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. It may not be known that without a stringent ukase to prohibit its annihilation, the peasantry of Lithuania would long ago have exterminated this noble species. Though we have been led to believe in the specific identity of this Lithuanian *Aurochs* with the extinct *Urus* (*Urus priscus* of Bojanus and V. Meyer), that opinion is not generally admitted. But we may hope that the question will be set at rest as soon as Professor Owen has the means of testing it. If the living *Aurochs* be the real descendant of the great fossil animal, it might, judging from the usual difference of size, be considered to have degenerated; though in the museum at Warsaw, where we have seen three specimens which are there preserved, one of them is nearly double the size of the other two. We ourselves procured a very remarkable front and horns of the *Bos Aurochs*, found in the gravel west of Perm with mammoths' teeth, and M. Hommaire de Hell also found a fine head of the same in the steppes between the Sea of Azof and the Caspian.

The following is a very interesting account of

THE MAMMOTHS OF SIBERIA.

Though mammoths occur in certain quantities on the flanks of the Ural, thus leading us to believe, that when alive they inhabited the tract where their skeletons are entombed, it must be recollected, that as by other proofs we have already endeavoured to shew the comparatively recent elevation of the Ural crest, this region cannot be looked upon as having been rendered highly mountainous until the very period when great numbers of these animals were destroyed—a destruction which we believe to have been mainly accomplished when the present watersheds between Europe and Asia were determined. Let us suppose, then, that the mammoths and their associates ranged over these hills, when they formed the elevated edge of an eastern continent. Further, let it be assumed (and this, indeed, is quite in accordance with the physical features of this region), that the greater number of the broad depressions which are now filled with auriferous and mammoth detritus were then occupied by lakes, in the grounds around which these extinct quadrupeds had long lived, and into whose shores or bottoms their bones had been washed for ages, and we shall then have before us the conditions which will best explain the Uralian phenomenon. No one can observe what the Russian miner has accomplished, by damming up the existing rivers, and thus forming artificial lakes in every sinuous tract in which ores are worked, without being naturally led to the idea which we suggest, that larger and deeper lakes were formerly in existence,—lakes, in fact, which in still more primeval times fed the great rivers that washed the Permian detritus to the sea then existing upon the west. Granting these premises, all the relations of the Uralian mammoth alluvia may, it appears to us, be rationally explained; for in some of the most violent movements of elevation which gave rise to the present central watershed, we may readily conceive how, their barriers being broken down, these lacustrine waters were poured off, and how their shingly bottoms and shores, already containing bones of mammoths, were desiccated and raised up into the irregular mounds which now constitute the auriferous alluvia. The very nature of the auriferous shingle, with its subangular fragments, so completely resembles the detritus of lakes, and is so unlike the gravel formed on the shores of seas,

that independent of the entire absence of any marine remains whatever of tertiary or recent age, all along the immediate eastern flank of the Ural mountains, we have no hesitation in believing, that the gold detritus was accumulated during a terrestrial and lacustrine condition of the surface. One fact only which we have mentioned seems, at first sight, to militate against this view, viz. the deeply eroded surfaces of some of the palæozoic rocks. But however these appearances may have been produced, it is manifest they could not have resulted from the denuding action of the same water, in which the shingly and slightly rounded angular detritus was formed. Such abraded surfaces may, to a great extent, have been produced, at periods long anterior to that of which we are now treating, and when the edges of the palæozoic strata, first emerging from beneath the sea, left their irregular and water-worn surfaces to be filled with terrestrial and lacustrine deposits of after-days. In some cases, however, the denuding and abrading power of waters, produced both by the bursting of lakes and the change in the direction of the currents, must have been very considerable, for such alone would account for several of the appearances we have spoken of, and the transport of large blocks and enormous pebbles of gold into broad lateral depressions.

Another topic, that has excited a great deal of speculation among the geologists, receives much attention in these volumes. This succinct sketch is given in chapter the twentieth of the famous

BOULDERS.

From the German Ocean and Hamburg on the west to the White Sea on the east, a vast zone of country, having a length of near 2,000 miles and a width varying from 400 to 800 miles, is more or less covered with loose detritus, including erratic, crystalline blocks of colossal size, the whole of which have been derived from the Scandinavian chain. When we consider, that throughout this vast space, these blocks have all been transported from the same range of mountains and often carried to enormous distances, it will readily be admitted, that whilst it is entirely different from the regions we have just been considering, no portion of Europe affords so fine a field for the discussion of the difficult problem, of how such heavy masses were so far transported? In the earlier days of geological science, this great spread of northern detritus was merged with the coarse debris of other parts of Europe under the term "diluvium," meaning thereby that it was the wreck of a general deluge which had passed over our continents. With increased observation, however, it was found, that whilst certain tracts of country (like our great Siberian case) were entirely exempt from them, each region which contained such foreign materials had derived them from contiguous chains and from various points of the compass; and hence it was concluded (at least by many geologists), that they were drifted to their relative existing positions by various currents of water, set in movement in different directions by elevations and depressions of separate masses of land. Latterly, this subject has attracted more than ordinary attention, through the labours of several observers in the Alps, and new theories have arisen. Whilst Sefström and his followers in the north had been contending, that all the detritus of which we are now about to treat resulted from a great northern deluge, Agassiz and his predecessors, Venetz and Charpentier, showing the transporting force of glaciers, endeavoured to demonstrate, that many of the heaps of detritus around the flanks of the Alps are nothing more than "moraines," the residue of ancient and more extensive glaciers. Arguing from the phenomena of the Alps, M. Agassiz further attempted to establish a general glacial theory, by which he supposed that all the northern hemisphere was, during a long period, covered with ice and snow; that glaciers, advancing by expansion from certain centres, and carrying with them, on their lower surfaces, the blocks and pebbles which were entangled in them when they first moved from the mountain side, scratched and polished the surfaces of the continents over which they passed, precisely in the same manner as rocks are now affected on a small scale by the existing glaciers of the Alps; and lastly, that upon the melting and breaking up of these great former glaciers, many of the large blocks which they contained were floated away in débris of icebergs and deposited at great distances from the source of their origin. Still more

recently, Professor James Forbes, extending the views of De Saussure by an assiduous personal survey of the Alpine glaciers, has demonstrated by exact experiments on the nature of their ice and its movements, that glaciers never can advance except by their own gravitation and upon inclined surfaces. But apart from the Alpine theories and observations, Mr. Lyell and others had previously shown how, under former relations of sea and land, icebergs wafted by prevailing currents may have carried foreign blocks to great distances, and one of us had applied this view to explain the transport of the great foreign boulders which are distributed in the central counties of England. Our own view had, we think, this advantage, in reference to tracts like this under consideration, that in showing the presence of sea-shells of modern characters in mounds of far-borne detritus, it completely established that the surface of such tracts was *beneath the sea* when the blocks were distributed. Hence we subsequently inferred that the glacial Alpine theory, which is constructed upon the belief that such surface was sub-aërial, was in such cases entirely inapplicable; sub-aqueous action being alone admissible.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Punjab; being a brief account of the Country of the Sikhs, &c. By Lieut.-Col. STEINBACH, late of the service of the Maharajah RUNJEET SINGH and his immediate successors. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The attention attracted to the Punjab by the important events now passing there gives an interest to this little volume, which in ordinary circumstances it would not possess. All information relating to the country now the scene of so fierce a conflict, and its people, will be read with interest, especially when it comes from so excellent an authority as Lieutenant-colonel STEINBACH, whose long residence there has intimately acquainted him with the history, geography, physiology, government, resources, commerce, population, manners, and customs of the extensive territory which must of necessity soon be incorporated with the British empire.

Into the history of this country we will not enter now. Doubtless many better opportunities will offer hereafter for presenting an outline of it more complete than could be supplied from the materials here collected. We will, therefore, be content with adding to the facts which we last week selected from the *Calcutta Review* some others, gathered from the volume before us.

It appears that the Punjab is well situated for trade. It carries on very extensive manufactures in metal, leather, silk, and cotton. The shawls of Cashmere are famous throughout the world. The land is cultivated by ryots, who pay rent in kind, and are subject to enormous oppressions. The army consists of upwards of 111,000 men, who are well-disciplined, armed after the European fashion, and who have given unquestionable proofs both of valour and skill. Besides these, there is another formidable body.

In addition to the regular and irregular army, the Lahore government has also in its pay a body of irregular cavalry (to the number of between 2,000 and 3,000), called Akalees. They are religious fanatics, who acknowledge no ruler or laws but their own; think nothing of robbery or even murder, should they happen to be in the humour for it, Runjeet Singh himself having on more than one occasion narrowly escaped assassination by them. They are, without any exception, the most insolent and worthless race of people under the sun. They move about constantly armed to the teeth, insulting everybody they meet, particularly Europeans; and it is not an uncommon thing to see them riding about with a drawn sword in each hand, two more in their belt, a matchlock at their back, and three or four quitoes fastened round their turbans. The quito is an arm peculiar to this race of people; it is a steel ring, varying from six to nine inches in diameter, and about an inch in breadth, very thin, and the edges ground very sharp; they throw it with more force than dexterity, but not so (as alleged) as to be able to lop off a limb at sixty or eighty yards. In

general the bystanders are in greater danger than the object aimed at. Runjeet Singh did much towards reducing this worthless race of people to a state of subjection; but he only partially succeeded, and latterly they have become more intolerant than ever. They, however, fight with desperation, and are always employed upon the most dangerous service.

This large army is officered by the native aristocracy, who are extensive landowners, and take command by right of birth. The same class are also the administrators of justice—if it deserve the name, for, according to all accounts, their decisions are openly purchased, and their tyranny within their own territories is without control, and exercised without mercy.

The population is about five millions, composed of Hindoos and Mahometans, the former being at once the most numerous, the most hardy, and the most likely to acquiesce in British rule. The habits of the people are represented as coarse and rude; their morals at a very low ebb: they are liars and thieves; superstitious in the extreme. When Runjeet Singh died, his obsequies were celebrated by the cruel rite of the Sutte.

The funeral obsequies of this extraordinary man were too remarkable not to be mentioned here. Upon his death being made public, the whole of the Sikh sirdars at Lahore assembled to do honour to his suttie, and four of his favourite queens, together with seven female slaves, having, in conformity with the horrible practice of the country, expressed their intention of burning themselves upon his funeral pile, preparations were immediately made for the solemnity. It is said that much dissuasion is exercised in cases of suttie; ostensibly such may be the case; but in private, every argument to the contrary is made use of by the relatives of the wretched victim, and the promise once given cannot be retracted. A street of a double line of infantry having been formed, the procession proceeded at a slow pace to its destination, only a quarter of a mile distant, and within the precincts of the palace. The corpse of the late Maharajah, placed upon a splendidly gilt car, constructed in the form of a ship, with sails of gilt cloth to waft him (according to native superstition) into paradise, was borne upon the shoulders of soldiers, preceded by a body of native musicians playing their wild and melancholy airs. His four queens, dressed in their most sumptuous apparel, then followed, each in a separate gilt chair, borne upon the shoulders of their attendants; the female slaves following on foot. Before each of the queens was carried a large mirror, and gilt parasol, the emblems of their rank. After them came the successor to the throne, the Maharajah Kurruck Singh, attended by the whole of the Sikh sirdars, barefooted, and clothed in white; none but persons of noble rank being permitted to join the procession. To the last moment of this terrible sacrifice, the queens exhibited the most perfect equanimity; far from evincing any dread of the terrible death which awaited them, they appeared in a high state of excitement, and ascended the funeral pile with alacrity. The slaves also appeared perfectly resigned, but less enthusiastic. The body of the Maharajah having been placed upon the pile, his queens seated themselves around it, when the whole were covered over with a canopy of the most costly Kashmir shawls. The Maharajah Kurruck Singh then taking a lighted torch in his hand, pronounced a short prayer, set fire to the pile, and in an instant the whole mass, being composed of very ignitable material, was in flames. The noise from the *tom-toms* (drums) and shouts of the spectators immediately drowned any exclamation from the wretched victims.

The religion of the Sikhs is strange, and thus described by our author:—

The Sikh religion does not boast of a very high antiquity. Previous to the close of the fifteenth century, the whole of the people inhabiting the Panjaub were either followers of Hindooism, devoutly believing in the mythology which, to the present moment, is held in reverence by the millions spread over British India, or disciples of Mahomed from conviction, or the proselyting influence of Persian and Afghan conquerors. But in the early part of the eighteenth century arose one of those remarkable men who, in all ages and countries, have been destined by the simplest means—the mere effort of mind

—to effect a complete reform in the principles and practices of religious faith. Nanac Shah, the son of a salt merchant in a very small way of business, and from his childhood a devout Hindoo, became at a very early age strongly imbued with a sense of the virtue of charity, and did not scruple, when launched into a commercial life, to apply the capital with which he had been provided, to the relief of wandering fakirs. He was then sent to attend upon cattle in the fields, but this did not prevent his practising austerities, and leading a life of such remarkable purity, that people of rank did homage to him, and urged his father to put him again into business. It was, however, all in vain. Nothing could conquer his utter disregard of worldly goods. He gave to the poor all that he earned, and at length formally renounced secular occupations and became a fakir, wandering over India and teaching the doctrines which his reflective mind, and possibly a share of that inspiration which we believe to have animated other great reformers, satisfied him had their foundation in truth. The unity and omnipresence of God were the tenets he enforced; and the immediate object which his teaching professed to have was to reconcile the conflicting faiths of the Hindoo and the Mahomedan. An enemy to discord, he treated the convictions of others with great deference, though he firmly maintained that they were founded in error; and coupling this course of teaching with an extremely simple and devout manner of life, he neither created cabals among the people whom he visited, nor raised up personal enemies and persecutors. The result was a very extensive conversion of his countrymen from the Brahminical and Mahomedan religions to a belief in pure deism. The new disciples of Nanac called themselves *Sikhs*—a term derived from the Sanscrit, and applicable to the followers of any particular teacher. It has remained with the people to this moment. At length, after a few years spent in pilgrimages and peregrinations even to Mecca and Medina, Nanac committed his views and opinions to paper, producing a book of instructions to his followers which was multiplied by the agency of the Pundits, who, before the printing press found its way to India, subsisted by transcribing sacred works. Nanac's last journey was from Mooltan to Kinterpore on the banks of Ravee, where he died, after giving proofs of Divine confidence by the performance of what the people supposed to be miracles. Nanac succeeded in the office of teacher of the new doctrines by a low caste man, named Lehara, who had long been his most faithful and attached servant and disciple, and to whom he bequeathed his mantle and the title or name of Argad. Argad lived but a short time, and was in like manner succeeded by a mental of the name of Amra Dos. Both of these men advanced the interests of the Sikh religion by their piety and austerities, and were further aided in the work of proselytism by sundry fortunate accidents, which impressed the people with a confidence in their enjoyment of the immediate patronage of the Almighty.

Religion has been the subject of fierce contentions for many generations, and the wars that grew out of conflicting faiths were numerous, and, like all such conflicts, conducted with terrible cruelties. We need not say that this volume is particularly interesting at the present time. But it has also a permanent value, as a contribution to geographical and ethnological knowledge.

Brooke's Expedition to Borneo.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

CAPTAIN KEPPEL took the *Dido* up the river into the heart of the country to Sarawak, where Mr. BROOKE had established his government, and was not only acknowledged by the people as prime minister to the Rajah MUDA HASSIM, but had won their esteem and confidence. On receiving the notification of Captain KEPPEL's arrival off the coast, Mr. BROOKE had gone down to welcome him. He returned in the *Dido* to Sarawak; and this is the interesting description of their reception by the people and visit to the Rajah:—

During the whole morning large boats, some carrying as many as two hundred people, had been coming down the river to hail Mr. Brooke's return; and one of the greatest gratifications I had was in witnessing the undisguised delight, mingled with gratitude and respect, with which each head man welcomed their newly-elected ruler back to his adopted country. And although many of the Malay chiefs had every reason to expect that in the *Dido* they saw the means by which their misdeeds were to be punished,

they shewed their confidence in Mr. Brooke by bringing their children with them—a sign peculiar to the Malay. The scene was both novel and exciting; presenting to us, just anchored in a large fresh-water river, and surrounded by a densely wooded jungle, the whole surface of the water covered with canoes and boats dressed out with their various-coloured silken flags, filled with natives beating their tom-toms, and playing on their wild and not unpleasant sounding wind instruments, with the occasional discharge of fire-arms. To them it must have been equally striking and extraordinary (as few of them had ever seen any larger vessel than their own war-boats or a European, until Mr. Brooke's arrival) to witness the *Dido* anchored almost in the centre of their town, her mast-heads towering above the highest trees of their jungle; the loud report of her heavy two-and-thirty pounder guns, and the running aloft, to furl sails of 150 seamen, in their clean white dresses, and with the band playing; all which helped to make an impression that will not easily be forgotten at Sarawak. I was anxious that Mr. Brooke should land with all the honours due to so important a personage, which he accordingly did, under a salute. The next business was my visit of ceremony to the Rajah, which was great sport, though conducted in the most imposing manner. The band and the marines, as a guard, having landed, we (the officers) all assembled at Mr. Brooke's house, where, having made ourselves as formidable as we could with swords and cocked hats, we marched in procession to the royal residence, his majesty having sent one of his brothers, who led me by the hand into his presence. The palace was a long low shed, built on piles, to which we ascended by a ladder. The audience-chamber was hung with red and yellow silk curtains, and round the back and one side of the platform occupied by the Rajah were ranged his ministers, warriors, and men-at-arms, bearing spears, swords, shields, and other warlike weapons. Opposite to them were drawn up our royal marines; the contrast between the two body-guards being very amusing. Muda Hassim is a wretched-looking little man; still there was a courteous and gentle manner about him that prepossessed us in his favour, and made us feel that we were before an individual who had been accustomed to command. We took our seats in a semicircle, on chairs provided for the occasion, and smoked cigars and drank tea. His majesty chewed his sirih-leaf and betelnut, seated with one leg crossed under him, and playing with his toes. Very little is ever said during these audiences; so we sat staring at one another for half-an-hour with mutual astonishment; and, after the usual compliments of wishing our friendship might last as long as the moon, and my having offered him the *Dido* and every thing else that did not belong to me in exchange for his house, we took our leave.

In return, the Rajah visited the *Dido*.

May 19.—This was the day fixed for the Rajah's visit to the *Dido*, about which he appeared very anxious, although he had seldom been known to go beyond his own threshold. For this ceremony all the boats, guns, tom-toms, flags, and population were put in requisition; and the procession to the ship was a very gorgeous and amusing spectacle. We received him on board with a royal salute. He brought in his train a whole tribe of natural brothers. His guards and followers were strange enough, and far too numerous to be admitted on the *Dido*'s deck; so that as soon as a sufficient number had scrambled on board, the sentry had orders to prevent any more from crowding in; but whether in so doing the most important personages of the realm were kept out, we did not ascertain. One fellow succeeded in obtaining a footing with a large yellow silk canopy, a corner of which having run into the eye of one of the midshipmen, the bearer missed his footing, and down came the whole concern—as I was informed by accident! The party assembled in my cabin, and the remarks were few, nor did they manifest great astonishment at any thing. In fact, a Malay never allows himself to be taken by surprise. I believe, however, the Rajah did not think much of my veracity, when I informed him that this was not the largest ship belonging to her Britannic Majesty, and that she had several mounting upwards of 100 guns; though he admitted that he had seen a grander sight than any of his ancestors. There was much distress depicted in the royal countenance during his visit, which I afterwards ascertained was owing to his having been informed that he must not spit in my cabin. On leaving the ship, whether the cherry-brandy he had taken made him forget the directions he had received I do not know, but he squirted a mouthful of red betelnut juice over the white deck, and then had the temerity to hold out his hand to the first lieutenant, who hastily applied to him the style (not royal) of "a dirty beast," which not understanding, he smiled graciously, taking it as some compliment peculiar to the English.

The residence of Mr. BROOKE was next to the Rajah's palace, and this is the lively picture of court life in Borneo:—

Mr. Brooke's then residence, although equally rude in structure with the abodes of the natives, was not without its English

comforts of sofas, chairs, and bedsteads. It was larger than any other, but, like them, being built upon piles, we had to mount a ladder to get into it. It was situated on the same side of the river (the right bank), next to, but rather in the rear of, the Rajah's palace, with a clear space of about 150 yards between the back and the edge of the jungle. It was surrounded by palisades and a ditch, forming a protection to sheep, goats, occasionally bullocks, pigeons, cats, poultry, geese, monkeys, dogs, and ducks. The house consisted of but one floor. A large room in the centre, neatly ornamented with every description of fire-arms, in admirable order and ready for use, served as an audience and mess-room; and the various apartments round it as bed-rooms, most of them comfortably furnished with matted floors, easy chairs, pictures, and books, with much more taste and attention to comfort than bachelors usually display. In one corner of the square formed by the palisades were the kitchen and offices. The Europeans with Mr. Brooke consisted of Mr. Douglas, formerly in the navy, a clever young surgeon, and a gentleman of the name of Williamson, who, being master of the native language, as well as active and intelligent, made an excellent prime minister. Besides these were two others who came out in the yacht, one an old man-of-war's man, who kept the arms in first-rate condition, and another worthy character who answered to the name of Charlie, and took care of the accounts and charge of every thing. These were attended by servants of different nations. The cooking establishment was perfect, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The great feeding-time was at sun-set, when Mr. Brooke took his seat at the head of the table, and all the establishment, as in days of yore, seated themselves according to their respective grades. This hospitable board was open to all the officers of the *Dido*; and many a jovial evening we spent there. All Mr. Brooke's party were characters—all had travelled; and never did a minute flag for want of some entertaining anecdote, good story, or song to pass away the time. From breakfast until bed-time there was no intermission; and it was while smoking our cigars in the evening, that the natives, as well as the Chinese who had become settlers, used to drop in, and, after creeping up, according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European Rajah, retire to the further end of the room and squat down upon their haunches, and remain a couple of hours without uttering a word, and then creep out again. I have seen sixty or seventy of an evening come in and make this sort of salaam.

An adventure that happened to Dr. TREACHER is very amusing:—

The following little adventure was told me during my stay at Sarawak by Dr. Treacher, who had lately joined Mr. Brooke, his former medical attendant having returned to England. It appears that Dr. Treacher received a message by a confidential slave, that one of the ladies of Macota's harem desired an interview, appointing a secluded spot in the jungle as the rendezvous. The doctor, being aware of his own good looks, fancied he had made a conquest; and, having got himself up as showily as he could, was there at the appointed time. He described the poor girl as both young and pretty, but with a dignified and determined look, which at once convinced him that she was moved to take so dangerous a step by some deeper feeling than that of a mere fancy for his person. She complained of the ill-treatment she had received from Macota, and the miserable life she led; and avowed that her firm resolve was to destroy (not herself, gentle creature! but) him, for which purpose she wanted a small portion of arsenic. It was a disappointment that he could not comply with her request: so they parted—he full of pity and love for her, and she, in all probability, full of contempt for a man who felt for her wrongs, but would not aid in the very simple means she had proposed for redressing them.

The Malay pirates are represented as fine specimens of the human form, and remarkable for gallant bearing. They fought to the death, and the narrative of these fights is extremely interesting, but much too long for extract. But we take a graphic sketch of the close of one of the most desperate encounters:—

I have already mentioned the slaughter committed by the fire of the pinnace, under Lieutenant Horton, into the largest Malay prahu; and the account given of the scene which presented itself on the deck of the defeated pirate, when taken possession of, affords a striking proof of the character of these fierce rovers; resembling greatly what we read of the Norsemen and Scandinavians of early ages. Among the mortally wounded lay the young commander of the prahu—one of the most noble forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot in front and through the lungs, and his last moments were rapidly approaching. He endeavoured to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth with the voice he

vainly essayed to utter in words. Again and again he tried, but again and again the vital fluid drowned the dying effort. He looked as if he had something of importance which he desired to communicate, and a shade of disappointment and regret passed over his brow when he felt that every essay was unavailing, and that his manly strength and daring spirit were dissolving into the dark night of annihilation. The pitying conquerors raised him gently up, and he was seated in comparative ease, for the welling-out of the blood was less distressing; but the end speedily came: he folded his arms heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and casting one last glance at the ocean—the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed—expired without a sigh. The spectators, though not unused to tragical and sanguinary sights, were unanimous in speaking of the death of the pirate chief as the most affecting spectacle they had ever witnessed. A sculptor might have carved him as an Antinous in the mortal agonies of a Dying Gladiator. The leaders of the piratical prahus are sometimes poetically addressed by their followers as *Matari*, i. e. the sun, or *Bulan*, the moon; and from his superiority in every respect, physical and intellectual, the chief whose course was here so fatally closed seemed to be worthy of either celestial name.

From Mr. BROOKE'S Journal we select some passages that will be read with great interest. He seems inclined to credit BUFFON'S imaginative description of the orang-outang.

I received from the Rajah a present of an orang-outang, young, and like others I have seen, but better clothed, with fine long hair of a bright chestnut colour. The same melancholy which characterizes her race is apparent in Betsy's face; and though but just caught, she is quiet unless teased. From the man who brought Betsy I procured a *Lenur tardigradus*, called by the Malays *Cucan*, not *Poucan* as written in Cuvier—Marsden has the name right in his dictionary—and at the same time the mutilated hand of an orang-outang of enormous size. This hand far exceeds in length, breadth, and power the hand of any man in the ship; and though smoked and shrunk, the circumference of the fingers is half as big again as an ordinary human finger. The natives of Borneo call the orang-outang the *Mias*, of which they say there are two distinct sorts; one called the *Mias rombi* (similar to the specimen aboard and the two in the Zoological Gardens), and the *Mias papuan*, a creature far larger, and more difficult to procure. To the latter kind the hand belongs. The *mias papuan* is represented to be as tall or taller than a man, and possessing vast strength: the face is fuller and larger than that of the *mias rombi*, and the hair reddish, but sometimes approaching to black. The *mias rombi* never exceeds four or four and a half feet; his face, unlike the *papuan*, is long, and his hair redder. I must own myself inclined to this opinion from various reasons:—1st. The natives appear so well agreed on the point, and so well acquainted with the distinction and the different names, that it is impossible to suppose it a fabrication for our peculiar use. Of the many whom I asked respecting them, at different times and in different places, most of them of their own accord mentioned the difference between the *mias papuan* and the *mias rombi*. The animal when brought aboard was stated to be the *mias rombi*, or small sort. In short, the natives, whether right or wrong, make the distinction. 2nd. The immense size of the hand in my possession, the height of the animal killed on the coast of Sumatra, and the skull in the Paris Museum, can scarcely be referred to an animal such as we know at home: though by specious analogical reasoning, the great disparity of the skulls has been pronounced the result merely of age.

One of the sports of the country has at least the attraction of novelty.

Near Lengan Lengang we encountered a community of dusky baboons, many of them very large and powerful: after a hard scramble I got within shot of them; on my firing the first barrel, the young ones and females made off, but the leaders of the band disdained to retreat, and, with threatening gestures and grimaces, covered the retreat of their party. The consequence was, I sacrificed one of these heroes, of a large size: he fell from the branch on which he was seated into a deep valley, and his fall completed the rout of the rest. Spence, in the mean time, having arrived, I despatched him to secure the prize: but at the bottom of the valley the baboons again showed themselves, and manifested every inclination to fall on him; another barrel put them to flight, and between us we dragged the fallen hero to the shores.

After having concluded a treaty with some of the native princes, Mr. BROOKE found himself involved in a war on behalf of his allies. But what a war!

Above our station was a hill which entirely commanded both it and the river; to the top of which I mounted, and obtained an

excellent view of the country around, including the enemies' forts and the town of Siniawan. A company of military might finish the war in a few hours, as these defences are most paltry, the strongest being the fort of Balidah, against which our formidable assault was to be levelled. It was situated at the water's edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of the river; and a large house with a thatched roof, and a look-out house on the summit; a few swivels and a gun or two were in it, and around it a breast work of wood—judging from a distance, about six or seven feet high. The other defences were more insignificant even than this; and the enemies' artillery amounted, by account, to three six-pounders and numerous swivels; from 350 to 500 men, about half of whom were armed with muskets, whilst the rest carried swords and spears. They were scattered in many forts, and had a town to defend, all of which increased their weakness. Their principal arm, however, consisted in the ranjows, which were stated to be stuck in every direction. These ranjows are made of bamboo, pointed fine and stuck in the ground; and there are, besides, holes about three feet deep, filled with these spikes, and afterwards lightly covered, which are called *pato-bong*. Another obstacle consists of a spring formed by bending back a stiff cane with a sharp bamboo attached to it, which, fastened by a slight twine, flies forcibly against any object passing through the bush and brushing against it: they resemble the mole-traps of England. The Borneons have a great dread of these various snares; and the way they deal with them is by sending out parties of Dyaks during the night to clear the paths from such dangers. Though I have stated the insignificant nature of the enemies' lines, it must not be supposed I imagined them at all inferior to our own resources. Our grand army consisted of 200 Chinese, excellent workmen, but of whose qualities as soldiers I can say nothing. They were, however, a stout muscular set of men, though wretchedly armed, having no guns and scarcely any muskets: but swords, spears, and shields, together with forty long thin iron tubes, with the bore of a musket and carrying a slug. These primitive weapons were each managed by two men, one being a carrier of the ordnance, the other the gunner; for whilst one holds the tube over his shoulder the other takes aim, turns away his head, applies his match, and is pleased with the sound. Their mode of loading is as curious as the piece, and its mode of discharge. Powder is poured in, the end knocked on the ground, and the slug with another knock sent on the powder, without either ramming or cartridge. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine any weapon more rude, awkward, or inefficient.

Mr. BROOKE's services were subsequently required to negotiate a peace. The following specimen of Malay diplomacy is very interesting:—

Matari, or "the Sun," the Sakarran chief I have already mentioned, arrived with two boats, and paid me several visits. He assured me he wanted to enter into an agreement, to the effect, that neither should injure the other. To this treaty I was obliged to add the stipulation, that he was neither to pirate by sea nor by land, and not to go, under any pretence, into the interior of the country. His shrewdness and cunning were remarkably displayed. He began by inquiring, if a tribe, either Sakarran or Sarebas, pirated on my territory, what I intended to do. My answer was, "To enter their country and lay it waste." But he asked me again, "You will give me, your friend, leave to steel a few heads occasionally?" "No," I replied, "you cannot take a single head; you cannot enter the country: and if you or your countrymen do, I will have a hundred Sakarran heads for every one you take here." He recurred to this request several times: "just to steal one or two!" as a schoolboy would ask for apples. There is no doubt that the two tribes of Sakarran and Sarebas are greatly addicted to head-hunting, and consider the possession as indispensable. The more a man has, the greater his honour and rank; nor is there anything without to check or ameliorate this barbarous habit; for the Malays of all classes, on this coast, take the same pride in heads as the Dyaks themselves, with the exception that they do not place them in their houses, or attach any superstitious ideas to them. I asked Matari what was the solemn form of agreement amongst his tribes; and he assured me the most solemn was drinking each other's blood, in which case it was considered they were brothers; but pledging the blood of fowls was another and less solemn form.

Among other curiosities noticed by Mr. BROOKE is the upas tree:—

On the authority of Sulerman, an intelligent Meri man, I am told that the tree below the town is the real upas, called by the Meri men *tajim*—the Borneons call it *upas*. *Bina* (the name we formerly got from a Borneon for upas) is, by Sulerman's statement, a thin creeper, the root or stem of which, being steeped in water, is added to the upas to increase the poisonous quality; it is not, however, poisonous itself. There is another creeper

likewise called *bina*, the leaves of which are steeped and mixed with the upas, instead of the stem of the first sort. This information may be relied on (in the absence of personal knowledge), as the man is of a tribe which uses the sumpitan, and is constantly in the habit of preparing the poison.

His sketch of the city of Borneo is extremely graphic:—

On approaching the town, before the ebb had run long, it appeared to be a very Venice of hovels, a river Cybele, rising from the water. For those who like it, the locality is not ill chosen. The hills recede from the river and form an amphitheatre; and several other rivers or streams flowing in, cause a muddy deposit, on which the houses are built. At high water they are surrounded; at low water, stand on a sheet of mud. On nearing it, we were encompassed by boats which preceded and followed us, and we passed the floating market, where women, wearing immense hats of palm-leaves, sell all sorts of edibles, balanced in their little canoes, now giving a paddle, now making a bargain, and dropping down with the tide, and again regaining their place when the bargain is finished. The first impression of the town is miserable. The houses are crowded and numerous, and arriving at the palace does not present a more captivating aspect, for, though large, it is as incommodious as the worst.

Mr. BROOKE's description of his manner of administering justice is extremely patriarchal.

The Rajah's brothers and myself sit at one end of the long room in my house; at the sides are the Patingis and Tuman-gong, and other respectable people; in the centre the parties concerned; and behind them anybody who wishes to be present. We hear both parties, question if necessary, and decide; and from this decision there is no appeal. One only condition I insist upon; and that is, that in any intricate case, or whenever I dread confederacy, I do not allow the witnesses to hear each other. The laws of evidence in a free country, prohibit any leading questions being put to witnesses; here, for the purposes of justice, it is indispensable; for the people, being ruled by fear, and apprehensive of consequences, often falter before the face of the accused, and their testimony has to be wrung from them. To decide also according to the technicalities of construction would be here ridiculous, and defeat the ends of justice. The people are rude and uncivilized; their oppressors crafty and bold, who have no hesitation about lying and bringing others to lie for them. Oaths are a farce to them. The aggrieved are timid, vacillating, and simple, and cannot readily procure even necessary evidence; for their witnesses are afraid to speak. Under these circumstances, I look at the leading features of the case, the probability, the characters, the position of the parties, and determine according to my judgment. It is not, indeed, a very difficult task; for the disputes are generally glaring, and, when bolstered up, usually fail in their most important links; and, at a touch of cross-questioning, the witnesses, resolved to tell the same story, fall into opposite ones. In one case, about a slave, three witnesses had resolved on the sex; but questioned separately as to size and age, all disagreed. They were not prepared. One represented her a woman grown and marriageable; another, as high as my walking-stick; the third, a little child.

One of the first acts of Mr. BROOKE, upon taking office among the barbarians, was to prevail upon the Rajah to release and send back to their friends a number of women belonging to one of the revolted tribes, who had been taken prisoners.

My first object, on holding the reins of government, was to release the unfortunate women confined for a whole year by the Rajah. This, indeed, was not only necessary to inspire confidence in my just intentions, but was dictated by humanity. I found Muda Hassim not averse to take the measure now that he had really resolved to adhere to my advice; and consequently I had the sincere satisfaction, within a few days, of liberating upwards of a hundred females and young children, and of restoring them to their husbands and fathers; this act being somewhat alloyed by Muda Hassim detaining twelve females, and among them *two wives*. I urged as strongly as I could, but without success, the advisability of releasing the whole; and I was obliged at last to content myself with the mass, and yield the few whom I could only have got by force, or the utter abrogation of our infant treaty. When I pressed the affair, it was answered, that except for me, none would have regained their liberty; and that the release was an act of great kindness and unexampled confidence towards me; that what had been done was perfectly accordant with their customs; and that the women detained were for the Rajah's brothers,—so far, indeed, from being intended as an injury to the women, it was a great honour and advantage. I explained the circumstances to the Patingi and Tuman-gong; and they acquiesced in the decision—allowing the custom—and said they had gained so much more than they had ever hoped for, that they could submit to the rest.

And with these specimens, which cannot fail to be read with deep interest, we close one of the most attractive and valuable works the season has produced. Every book-club should order it.

FICTION.

Long Engagements; a Tale of the Afghan Rebellion.

London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is one of that excellent series of novels now in course of publication in a cheap form by MESSRS. CHAPMAN and HALL. It is not equal to some of its predecessors in the same series, but it is considerably above the average of the novels of the season. The scene, as the title shews, is laid in the East, during the disastrous time of the Afghan War. The plot is extremely inartificial. Two sisters, Mary and Adela Balfour, arrive at Calcutta on a visit to their brother, who is a resident there. Mary is all prudence, and Adela all thoughtlessness; Mary is pretty, but Adela is beautiful. Adela is engaged to a young officer then stationed with the army in Afghanistan, and she has gone out purposely to be married to him. In his absence, her vanity leads her to encourage other suitors. Mary forms an attachment to an excellent youth, whom she ultimately marries. While Adela is flirting in Calcutta, her betrothed Carrington is enduring all the horrors of that awful campaign which ended in the entire destruction of the British army. A spirited and powerful description of the famous retreat is given, Carrington fighting his way to the close, and being almost the last to perish. Adela accidentally learns the fatal event, and is stricken with remorse, takes a fever, and, on her recovery, reforms. Mary marries, and is happy. This slight plot is employed for the purpose of introducing some vivid pictures of Indian life. The author knows how to write, and few readers will fail to follow him to the close of his narrative, especially through the breathless scenes of the retreat from Cabul.

EDUCATION.

Elementary Education: the Importance of its Extension in our own Country. By HENRY EDWARDS, D.D. London: Longman and Co.

AN energetic appeal on behalf of the great cause of education, by a gentleman who has pondered deeply upon the subject, and writes the results of much inquiry, and earnest reflection. He has also introduced a very interesting sketch of the state of elementary education on the continent. The volume was published some time since, although it has only just reached us, and therefore we do not dwell longer upon its pages.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry; the First Three Books.

Translated by the Right Rev. THOMAS ELINGTON, D.D.

Cambridge: Deightons.

THE title of this little book is its best description. We do not exactly understand why a new translation was necessary; unless it were to avoid some copyright. The convenience of this work is its size. A very small volume contains all that beginners require at school, and thus half-a-crown serves the purpose of fifteen shillings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers. Vols. LXXIV. to LXXXV. London: C. Knight and Co.

HERE is indeed the diffusion of useful knowledge, at the rate of a volume for a shilling! Mr. KNIGHT in this bold enterprise has proceeded upon a more sagacious principle than some of his rivals, whose attempts in cheap literature have proved such signal failures. Mr. KNIGHT's experience appears to have taught him the fact, that the multitude have better taste than those who know them not at all are wont to accredit them withal. They do like really good writers and really substantial books quite as well as their betters. Proceeding upon this principle, Mr. KNIGHT has not occupied his weekly volumes with the productions of inferior pens, with flimsy romances, and common place essays, the

material of magazines or tracts, but he has brought the best works our language can boast within the reach of everybody; he has taken for his subjects history, and biography, and poetry, and science, and even philosophy, and engaged the ablest writers of our own day, and the result is, that his library, while fitted for the perusal by the most learned, is eagerly bought and read by the humbler classes, and its success has been as extensive as its deserts.

Since our last notice of this valuable series, eleven volumes have been added, completing some subjects and commencing others.

LORD BROUGHAM'S "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of GEORGE III." Vols. V. and VI. finish that remarkable work which, once sold at nearly six pounds, is here presented entire for just so many shillings.

OF "The Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies," there are also two volumes, namely Vols. V. and VI. comprising interesting biographies, with portraits on steel of QUEEN ELIZABETH, SHAKSPERE, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, CAMDEN, BACON, BEN JONSON, CHARLES I., STRAFFORD, HAMPDEN, LAUD, SELDEN, and Admiral BLAKE. They are written in a peculiarly interesting form, and are very anecdotal.

MR. G. DODD has contributed another, being the sixth, and completing the work, to his series of "British Manufactures;" the topics of this volume being paper-making, engraving, type-founding, book-binding, coach-building, ship-building, mast-making, rope-making, anchor-making, and iron steam-boats. It is profusely illustrated with woodcuts.

Then there are the third and fourth volumes of "Paley's Natural Theology," as edited by Lord BROUGHAM and Sir CHARLES BELL, whose worth is too well known to need description. These have no less than fifty-five illustrative woodcuts.

A new subject, and which promises to be extremely interesting, is commenced in the 83rd volume. M. VREUSSEUX gives us the first of a series entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte; his Sayings and his Deeds;" a biography interspersed with anecdotes gathered from innumerable sources.

NEXT we have a farther development of a design which has more pleased us than any portion of this library. Our readers are aware that the works of many of our finest old English writers, such as SPENSER, CHAUCER, &c. are written in an obsolete dialect that makes it troublesome for a modern reader to understand them readily, and hence their beauties have remained comparatively unknown to all but the more persevering students.

NOW, in order to introduce to the general public these glorious old bards, the following admirable plan has been adopted. SPENSER was taken, and a continuous narrative was given of the substance of his poems, introducing the passages most worthy of perusal modernized in language so that as intimate an acquaintance as ordinary persons could desire was obtained of a work, from bulk and obscurity, previously inaccessible. This plan, which was so eminently successful with SPENSER, is now to be applied to CHAUCER, and we are presented with the first volume of the "Canterbury Tales," thus rendered readable by Mr. SAUNDERS, and we heartily commend it to all who may not yet have made acquaintance with the most truly English of our poets.

THE third volume of "Select Lives from Plutarch," is described by its title.

ANOTHER new subject is one that is likely to prove among the most attractive of the whole. It is to be called *The Romance of Travel*. The first volume only has yet appeared. It is devoted to the East, and is written by Mr. C. MCFARLANE. It will afford unbounded delight to the young.

Lastly, and just issued, is the commencement of a series entitled *Historical Parallels*, which promises to be extremely amusing as well as instructive.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

ULSTER COLLEGE.—Dr. Andrews, professor of chemistry in Belfast, has been appointed Vice-President of this institution. His politics are said to be unknown, and except his belonging to the Church of England, nothing more is known of his principles. Dr. Henry, the president, is a Presbyterian—so that the appointments have been made with a due regard to liberality.

IRISH PRESBYTERIANS.—This body are to institute a Theological College at their own expense, not being satisfied with the Government Establishment, about to be opened in Belfast. If every religious sect in the country would do the same, much heart-burning would be avoided.

ART.

Heath's New Gallery of Engravings. Part I. London: Bogue.

WE have been so often the victims of a trick, more profitable than reputable to the practisers, that we have some doubt whether we ought not to withhold all notice of works published in parts, until they are concluded. The fraud is as follows:—

On the appearance of the first and second numbers, they are sent, with the publisher's compliments. They are reviewed in due course, in full reliance that the succeeding parts, without which the first is valueless, will be regularly transmitted. The publisher procures a notice, worth half-a-dozen advertisements, for a fragment of a work the price of which is three or four shillings at the utmost; the notice is pressed into his service for the purposes of advertising, and then the obliging editor sees no more of the work he has been thus tricked into advertising gratis. The obvious remedy for this species of swindling is to notice no works that appear in parts until all the parts are received. But such a general rule would be hard upon honest and honourable publishers, of whom there are many; so the plan we purpose to pursue is, to keep a list of all serial works sent to us, to give the usual notice, and then, if we find the publisher playing this favourite trick, to set a mark against his name, proclaim the fact to the public, and never notice another serial that issues from his counter.

With these preliminary remarks, which have been compelled especially by the conduct of some publishers of similar works, we proceed to notice this new enterprise of Mr. CHARLES HEATH. His design is to re-publish, in handsome quarto, the best of his engravings which have appeared from time to time in "The Keepsake," "The Book of Beauty," "The Picturesque Annual," and other works, the property of the engraver. This part contains three engravings; first, DRUMMOND's beautiful group of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal. Second, EUGENE LAMI's "Soirée," remarkable for the easy postures of all the figures in the composition; and a fair and very truthful view of the Chamber of Representatives at Brussels. This publication will be an acceptable addition to the drawing-room table and the portfolio, and its price is very moderate.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

ANOTHER scrutiny of this gallery has confirmed us in the opinion we last week expressed of its weakness and the failure of the rule (adopted for the first time last year) that excludes all works which previously might have been exhibited. By the expression, *failure of the rule*, we must be understood to say, that the artistic *status* of the exhibition, which it was expected would be raised, has been lowered; not that the gallery, because it has degenerated, has received less support, and suffers in a pecuniary way; so far, indeed, from this being the case, we were glad to find, on inquiry of the keeper, Mr. BARNARD, that the receipts had been greater, and the sales more numerous, than on any former occasion. This promises well for the future prosperity of the Arts, and is an evidence of the wider diffusion of a sense of their value among the people.

That the exhibition is this year inferior in excellence to its usual standard, we believe an indisputable fact; that it should be favoured with a more bountiful patronage than any former one is of itself the most eloquent of rebukes to our artists that they are not equal to the support so liberally accorded to them. Certainly a stroll through the gallery, observing the number of yellow tickets inscribed "sold," at the same time testing the genius of the works purchased, must convince every one that there is no deficiency of patronage on the part of the public; and it is the most powerful of stimulants to artists to be thus assured that if they will but produce meritorious works, a certain and bountiful remuneration will follow. Out of some four hundred subjects exhibited, we dare venture to affirm that, although eleven days only have elapsed since the opening of the gallery, there are not ten of sterling unmistakable genius remaining unsold. Were there more good pictures, there would unquestionably be a proportionate increase of buyers.

To revert to the works individually, we first select:—

No. 63. *A Mill—Westmoreland.* A. W. WILLIAMS.—A picturesque subject is here very skilfully handled. Some rocks and a woody bank relieve the mill, and yellow turbid waters dash freely over a stony channel. The foliage is characteristically pencilled; and there is painstaking visible very generally throughout the picture.

No. 72. *A Welsh Stream.* T. CRESWICK, R.A.—We have here rocks, wet, slippery, and mossy, and a stream, the perfection of water-painting; the foliage, however, is too crudely green, and its masses want roundness.

No. 78. *Gaston de Foix before the Battle of Ravenna.* F. R. PICKERSGILL.—Equally happy in conception and execution is this work. Gaston de Foix, thoughtful and sad, is seated on a stone balustrade, and his lady-love, with expression of sorrowful apprehension, is tying on his scarf. Her orange-colour vest contrasts harmoniously against the armour of the knight, and adds richness to the picture. The lines are original and graceful, and the drawing is bold and exact.

No. 89. *Dutch Fishing Craft off Fort Lillo, Mouth of the Scheldt.* E. W. COOKE.—This marine view, though extremely clever in parts, is not equal to the usual standard of this artist's works. It is seldom we find water painted so exquisitely as this. It is flat and reflective, and recedes finely to the distance, while the sky that should does not meet it, but hangs like a coloured screen in the mid-distance. The boats are of exceedingly picturesque line, and carefully painted.

No. 98. *Just Home; First of October.* T. ROOPE.—The most formal and affected family group we have lately seen. The elderly gentleman, with gun on shoulder, the lady on horseback, with bonnet off, clad in silk, and a loose scarlet shawl, and holding an infant before her, the primly-dressed grand-mama in her satins, and the children scattered through the foreground, all seem conscious they are standing for their portraits, and put on their best looks accordingly. Such a specimen of affectation should have been confined to the family whom it no doubt pleases, and not admitted to the walls of an exhibition which might so much more profitably be occupied.

No. 99. *Scene on entering the Yorkshire Moors.* H. BRIGHT.—A refreshing landscape, shewing an effect of early morning. The local tones are perfection; the greater part of the subject is in shadow, and the light, where led through, is astonishingly vivid.

No. 115. *Pirates carrying off a Captive.*—This exquisite specimen of colouring has already been noticed in the introduction to our critique in last week's number.

No. 118. *Fruit.* G. LANCE.—A pheasant and partridge on carved oak table, and a basket containing a pine-apple and a melon, grapes, plums, apples, pears, and barbaries, are here painted absolutely up to nature. Higher praise can neither be deserved nor given.

No. 125. *Three Cows in a Landscape.* F. BROOMHEAD.—Had this but a good sky it would be a very covetable picture. It is difficult to believe that the hand which so ably painted the cattle and landscape could have produced so flat, packed, and spaceless a sky. The cows and landscape are finely done, having all the force, finish, substance, and character of nature. But for the objection we have urged, this is a work of which even SIDNEY COOPER might have been proud.

No. 128. *Roman Tower of Martigny, Valley of the Rhone.* H. H. H. HORSLEY.—This is a feeble, inefficient production,

having some truth of colour and accuracy of detail to commend it, but otherwise wholly devoid of interest. The artist should pay more attention to composition, and cultivate his perception of the picturesque.

No. 133. *Boyhood*. T. M. JOY.—Portraits of two youths, remarkable for bad drawing, mottled and clouded colouring, and the manner in which the subject is broken up. In his attempt to secure ease in the figures, the artist has overstrained the mark so as to convey the unpleasing idea of extreme languor.

No. 134. *The Brittany Conscript leaving Home*. F. GOODALL.—Perhaps the ablest and most memorable work in the gallery. The scene shows the manly young conscript at the threshold of his home taking leave of his mother, father, and friends. The group occupies the right hand side of the picture. The young man is receiving the kiss of his distressed mother, and his right hand is firmly grasped by his father. A handsome girl, tearful at parting with him, is about to place in his vest a rose. On the left a drummer, kneeling, is buckling a haversack; behind him, pointing with his firelock towards the regiment and baggage-waggons moving towards the distance, stands a characteristic *mousquetaire*, who calls to the conscript to hasten his departure. In the centre of the picture, on a mound, stands a church, and before it a cross with villagers and the venerable curé assembled and giving benison to the departing conscript, and praying for his protection and safe return. In every part of this picture there are evidences of high artistic genius. The subject (more comprehensive than usual with Mr. GOODALL) is finely composed, and its connection and government are masterly. The drawing, however, is, in more places than one, faulty; and perhaps the figures are somewhat too large for the inches of the canvass. The same felicity of expression, and pure, transparent, harmonious colour, which distinguished his former works at this gallery, are visible also here. The force and spirit, originality of conception, sureness of hand, and delicacy of finish, apparent throughout this able picture, will be much admired. There is a stroke of nature akin to WILKIE in the young urchin who covers behind the aged father, and peeps out at the soldiers with mingled expression of curiosity and fear.

No. 138. *Distant View of Scarborough from the Sea*. W. A. KNELL.—The boats here float well, compose happily, and are carefully painted. The sea, however, is hard and untransparent, and the sky deficient in depth.

No. 139. *A Spring Wood-Scene*. J. LINNELL.—A veritable reflection of nature. The deep azure of a warm May-day sky, bearing slight flecks of white cloud, throws up some noble beech trees. Some men are *barking* oak-trees; and the usual collection of country children at such scenes, when their locality is convenient for them, form groups here and there in the foreground. The composition is simple and unaffected as nature; the accuracy of colour and delicacy of finish are surprising. If we may hint a fault, it is that the figure hewing with axe at the fallen oak is not sufficiently made out. As this is beyond doubt one of the best landscapes in the exhibition, we are surprised to find it has not sold.

No. 147. *Fruit*. G. LANCE.—A gorgeously toned picture, that must win universal applause. The accessories are finely composed, and assist, by their opposition, the general effect. On a white marble slab an elegant shaped beaker of gold is partly relieved by a richly chased silver salver, which forms the background also for a cock pheasant. A gold salver holds a pineapple, some peaches, two clusters of grapes, and a melon. These, with the tendrils of a convolvulus reaching up a column, form one of the happiest fruit-pieces that ever have been painted.

No. 149. *Road Scene, Market Morning*. W. S. ROSE.—A very telling landscape, obviously faithful to nature. The subject reminds one of WYNANT'S, both in features and management. The effects are very cleverly thrown in, and the pencilling is equally clear and delicate.

No. 151. *The Hay Season, Meadows near Henley-on-Thames*. W. E. DIGHTON.—This shows an effect of a heavy shower. The dropping clouds, and cool wet grass, the water, trees, and figures, are happily painted; and the whole is characterised by a force and truth of colour which emulate the works of CONSTABLE.

No. 180. *The Poppy of Andalusia*. J. INSKIPP.—A work as attractive as it is meritorious. It represents a lovely

Spanish lady in black silk dress, with a picturesque hat and plume, a scarlet poppy in her hair, and a reticule of the same colour in her hand. The attitude is graceful and easy, the colouring warm and harmonious, and the picture is painted with the broad full pencil which distinguishes Mr. INSKIPP'S style from that of all other of our existing artists.

No. 191. *Frost-scene*. C. BRANWHITE.—By far the most striking and excellent winter's piece we have lately met with. Near the centre of the picture the sun sets, huge and glowing, over a flat, snowy country; his rays light up a canal, containing a barge amid masses of broken ice, which reflect and refract the yellow light marvellously. On the right, in middle ground, is a church and some trees, on the left a cottage and dove-cote, overhung with Scotch pines. There is an intensity of chilly atmosphere in this landscape. The truth of colour and picturesqueness of the composition prove that Mr. BRANWHITE has a fine eye for nature, and a sure hand to imitate her.

No. 192. *A Tradition of the Island of Delos*. J. E. COLLINS.—This subject is that of a young girl in the act of removal from the Isle of Delos to die—the island being esteemed too holy to be desecrated by births or deaths. It embodies effectively some lines of a touching sentiment by Mrs. HEMANS. A becoming feeling pervades this work. It has, furthermore, harmony and richness of colour; and the grouping and expression are equally good. The attitude of the distressed mother is not original; but, nevertheless, this is a work of promise, by a young artist, for whose name we shall look with interest in future exhibitions.

No. 216. *A Mill in Chancery*. J. INSKIPP.—We invite attention to this for the sake of the humour and satire it offers. It represents a mill dilapidated and a pond neglected. The only creatures that impart life to this scene of dreariness are two geese at battle—the satire of which is sufficiently obvious.

No. 222. *The Vale of the Wharf, Bolton*. H. BRIGHT.—A strikingly felicitous imitation of a very charming scene. The light is not what light in pictures generally is, but actually luminous, like nature. One looks far into the flat valley, and can judge of distance as we could were we viewing the actual prospect itself. The details compose well, the sky is transparent, and there is actual motion and fluidity in the waters.

No. 229. *A Bather*. W. ETTY, R.A.—If any one would witness the triumph of the British school in colour, let him examine this. So pre-eminent is this quality here, that the attention centres only on the lovely bather, and one gives not a thought to the haste and slovenliness of the background.

No. 235. *Interior*. G. F. HERRING.—Two horses and a few fowls are here painted with startling accuracy. It is rarely that textures have been more closely conveyed than in this clever work.

No. 262. *Westminster Abbey, painted on the spot*. F. NASH.—This we have no hesitation in pronouncing the best interior in the gallery. The effects are very judiciously disposed, the tones are good, and the finish is perfection.

No. 268. *The Gulf of Spezia*. G. E. HERING.—Thoroughly Italian, in feeling as well as scenery. The prospect, taken from a height, is extensive. In front is a terrace, with some characteristic figures, painted with extreme care. Below are given glimpses of vineyards, and part of a town, beyond this lie the magnificent blue sea and curved shore, bounded in the distance by the graceful outlines of the mountains of Carrara. There is a fulness of warm atmosphere in this work, that carries the spectator, even more than the peculiar scenery, to the sunny climate of Italy. This is most truly a covetable landscape.

No. 282. *Scene from Undine*. W. RUNER.—From his designs for the Art Union we were led to expect an abler work than the artist has here given us. The story is scarcely intelligible, as the artist tells it; he fails signally in *Chiaroscuro*, and the colouring, too much of a strength, is weak and cloudy.

No. 323. *Godiva*. W. FISHER.—This is a picture that deserves, and would have credited, a better position. The flesh tones are warm and pure, and the drawing is good. Its chief defect is a want of transparency in the shadow.

No. 360. *Snowdon*. J. B. PYNE.—One of those sunrise effects which this artist always so successfully represents. Down the centre and obliquely through the foreground of the landscape rushes a noisy impetuous mountain torrent. At middle distance this is crossed by a rude bridge, towards which,

on the left, a herd of cattle is advancing, leaving behind them a few trees. On the right rise the majestic peaks of Snowdon and two lesser mountains, which reflect back strongly the morning sun. Beneath these lie some limestone rocks, and a trail of smoke suggests the presence of a kiln. A mountain track-way leads up the ravine, along which some figures are advancing. In depth of atmosphere and fulness of light this work absolutely emulates CLAUDE; while the truth of colour and simplicity of composition are scarcely less admirable.

No. 365. *Ponti del Diavolo*. H. COOK.—This has picturesqueness of composition and careful finish to recommend it. The artist, however, has not been happy in his distance, nor in the sky, which are flat and mottled. The trees are neatly painted,—the handling of the foliage especially is feathery and free.

No. 369. *The Skirts of the Forest*. T. CRESWICK, A.R.A.—This, we opine, is a work that will be much admired. For strength, character, and fidelity of colour,—his usual qualities, it is equal to any that Mr. CRESWICK has yet achieved, while in light and depth of sky other triumphs have been secured.

No. 457. *The Grave of the Excommunicated*.—F. DANBY, A.R.A.—A forcibly painted night scene. Truth of colour simplicity of composition, and skilful management of the light are its chief artistic features. The scene is a heath where four cross-roads join and a guide-post stands. It is blowing hard, and a figure, wrapping his coat around him, hurries away to the right with a lantern. The story is unintelligible, for we see no grave, unless it be where a dog lifts himself up and howls near the centre of the foreground. The subject is uninviting, and we think hardly a fit one for the pencil, which most certainly might be better employed.

No. 456. *Faust and Margaret*. T. JONES BARKER.—The chief characteristics of this prominent picture are given in our introduction to this critique, so that here we need not repeat them.

M. Grass, a native of Strasburg, and for several years past attached to the works of restoration going on at the cathedral of that city, has been commissioned to execute a group of "The Last Judgment," to replace that formerly existing over the great gate,—where the supports of the statues still remain, and will mark the places of the new figure. At Amsterdam, the Dutch are about to erect a bronze statue of their illustrious countryman, Rembrandt, in front of the Museum. From Nancy, we find it stated that the French Government has sent down artists to that town, to execute copies in plaster of mausoleums of Stanislaus the Beneficent and his wife Catherine Opalinska, and of the various funeral monuments of the Ducal Chapel,—for the Historical Galleries of Versailles. —*Athenæum*.

FINE ARTS.—On paying a visit the other day to Mr. Cotterill's studio, No. 25, in the Haymarket, we were much gratified by the inspection of two works he is at present engaged on. One of them is intended as a tribute to the extraordinary talent of Taglioni, by a few admirers of the fair danseuse. The composition represents a scene in the ballet of *Endymion*, in which, in the character of Diana, Taglioni took her farewell of the British public. Mr. Cotterill has composed a very graceful group, giving to Taglioni all that airy grace for which she is so distinguished, and contrasting her figure admirably with the sleeping form of *Endymion*. The work, though merely designed, exhibits great beauty, but when finished and elaborated in precious metal, it will certainly form a most appropriate as well as costly present. The other work, with which we were also particularly struck, is the model for the next Goodwood Cup. It consists of an extremely elegant cup, ornamented in the *cinqe cento* style, with the story of Perseus and Andromeda in entire relief round its base. The tail of the monster, curling round the handle of the cup, ascends nearly to the top. The whole design is most spirited, and it is certainly one of the most elegant compositions which has ever graced a race-course. This, like the work above-mentioned, is yet in progress.—*Herald*.

THE CAMPBELL MONUMENT.—Mr. Marshall, A.R.A. the sculptor appointed to execute the statue of Lord Clarendon for the new Houses of Parliament, is also engaged upon the monument to be erected to the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* in the Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey. This monument will consist of a statue of the poet leaning upon a pedestal, on which is a figure of Hope in bas-relief. At the foot is a lyre with a wreath. The modern costume not being adapted to sculpture, Mr. Marshall has represented the bard in his robe as Lord Rector of Glasgow.

MUSIC.

We are happy to see among the notices of music and musicians in Germany, highly honourable mention of a young Englishman (Mr. AGUILAR), not only as a pianist, but a composer for that instrument. At one of the concerts of the Museum at Frankfurt he is said to have performed a very difficult piece of CHOPIN's in a very surprising and masterly manner, bringing out each note with a rapidity and brilliance rarely equalled, and illustrating the composer's meaning clearly to the audience (no easy task with the music of CHOPIN). He has since distinguished himself at his own concert in a BEETHOVEN's lovely trio (Op. 97), in MOSCHELLES' duet for two pianofortes, "Homage à HANDEL," and in a fantasia in A minor of his composition, which speaks well of his abilities as a composer. It is a remarkable composition for one so young. His chief excellence is, that in his playing and compositions he never forgets the principal requisites that produce him artistic fame—spirituality and intellectuality. Let him but continue in the path he is now pursuing, and he may assure himself of success—not the evanescent reputation of the performers of the "miraculous" of the present day, but resting on the firm and sure basis of high and deserving merit, and a pure standard of excellence.

Mr. Howard Glover (says the *Musical World*), the well-known composer, son of the celebrated actress, has just returned from Paris, where he has been staying some time for the purpose of hearing and studying the voice of Mademoiselle Nau, who is to sustain the principal character in his forthcoming opera at the Princess's, entitled *The Coquette*. We are gratified to hear that the charming vocalist has expressed herself highly pleased with both the part and the music of Mr. Glover's opera, which in all likelihood will be the first musical novelty at the excellent establishment of Mr. Maddox.

The reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, the brother of Prince Albert, has composed an opera, which, it is said, is to be produced at the Gotha Theatre.

A new opera, called *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, has been brought out at the Paris Opera Comique. The drama is by M. de St. Georges, and the music by Halevy, the author of *La Juive*, *Guido et Ginevra*, and *Charles VI.* the piece which, with its chorus "Jamais en France l'Anglais ne regnera!" had such an effect last year in exciting the warlike propensities of the Parisians. This new opera, being splendidly got up, and admirably performed by Madlle. Darcier, Hermann Leon, Mockler, and Madlle. Lavoye, has been received with much applause, and is highly extolled by some of the Parisian critics. We have our doubts, however, as to its merits, judging from Halevy's previous works, which are learned, elaborate, and heavy.

Donizetti, who has been residing for some time in Paris, in bad health, has been ordered by his physicians to go to Nice. His case is considered hopeless, being a general decay both of his mental and physical powers.

Madame Castellan, the celebrated singer, died lately at St. Petersburg, after a very short illness. Last season she held the second place in Her Majesty's Theatre, and was re-engaged for the approaching season.

Verdi, the opera composer, has been ill at Venice, on which account the production there of his new opera, *Attila*, has been deferred till the beginning of next month. He will then, we presume, repair to London, to fulfil his engagement to bring out a new opera under his own superintendence.

Berlioz, after giving a series of very successful concerts at Vienna, has experienced a still warmer reception at Prague. A letter in the *Gazette Musicale*, from that city, dated the 26th of January, gives an account of the performance of his famous cantata, *Romeo and Juliet*, and of the enthusiasm with which it was received. Notwithstanding the great continental celebrity which this composer has enjoyed for nearly ten years, his music is all but unknown in this country, where an impression prevails that he is little better than a charlatan and a humbug. Not to speak of Paris, his reception throughout Germany, and especially at Prague—a city pre-eminent for musical taste, where Mozart, neglected elsewhere, was appreciated and cherished—leads to a very different conclusion. It is much to the discredit of the managers of our musical entertainments that none of Berlioz's great compositions have been brought before the English public, in order that we may judge for ourselves of the merits of an artist whose fame, at least, entitles him to a hearing.

Carlotta Grisi met with an accident a few days since, while performing in the ballet *Le Diable à Quatre*, at the French Opera. A nail in the boards ran into her foot, but the injury was only such as to occasion a few days' confinement to her chamber.

The *Gazette Musicale* mentions the following as being among the operas performed at Berlin during the year 1845: *Don Juan* and the *Schauspiel Director*, by Mozart; *The Crusaders*, by Spohr; *Catarina Cornaro*, by Lachner; *Euryanthe*, by Weber; the *Domino Noir*, by Auber; *Adrian von Ostade*, by Weigl; the *Vestale*, by Spontini; and the overtures and choruses in *Edipus*

and *Athalie*, by Mendelssohn. When we compare Berlin with London, what a falling-off is here!

The theatre at Avignon was burnt to the ground on the 26th of January. M. Durien, the machinist, in endeavouring to open the spigots of the reservoir of water, was suffocated by the smoke. The loss is estimated at half a million of francs.

Teresa and Maria Milanollo, the young female violinists, have been giving concerts at Weimar with almost unexampled success. It is very surprising that when these charming sisters, after filling the whole Continent with their fame, came to London last season, their exquisite performances were almost neglected.

The Italian Opera is quite in vogue at Constantinople. On the 1st of January *Norma* was performed to a crowded audience, and with great éclat. A Signora Cominotti, in the part of the heroine, obtained great applause. The choruses are said to have been well sung, and the piece altogether to have been got up in a very good style.—*Daily News*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Miss CUSHMAN has achieved another triumph. Her *Ion* is as masterly a performance as her *Romeo*, and equally appreciated by her crowded and enthusiastic audiences. As a composition, *Ion* is better fitted for the study than for the stage: it is more of the poem than of the drama; it wants variety and action; it is too purely classical for the popular taste. Therefore it has not been, and never will be, a favourite upon the boards. But Miss CUSHMAN has triumphed over these obstacles, and by her fine and intellectual perception of the character of the fated youth, and by the intensity of passion she throws into it, fairly dissipates the chilliness of the drama, and carries along with her the emotions of the audience in a constantly gathering stream until at the last act they find vent in a burst of enthusiastic cheering—the involuntary homage to acknowledged genius. The death-scene is superb: such as only KEAN could have expressed as she did. An unanimous call, at the end of the play, was a signal for cheering, shouting, and a shower of bouquets, and richly were they deserved. We have not seen such acting in England since the passing away of the last really great actor—EDMUND KEAN. Miss SUSAN CUSHMAN appears with equal effect in *Ion* as in *Juliet*, and was equally applauded. The lovers of good acting must not fail to snatch the intellectual treat now offered them at the Haymarket.

The only decidedly new novelty that we have to notice this week is a drama at the Surrey, entitled *The Sea King's Vow*, or *the Struggle for Liberty*, which, as our readers may suppose, is full of startling situations and thrilling effects. The plot is derived from "Milton's History of England," and develops the contests between the bold Saxons of Wessex and their invaders, the Danish Sea King's followers. There is of necessity an under current of amorous adventure, the King of Wessex's daughter being the object of the love of a gallant Saxon chief, and, as the duce will have it, of that also of the Sea King, whence arise various pathetic scenes, and some terrific combats of a most gratifying nature. We must not forget to mention that which is the feature of the drama, the Saxon army, not less than eighty strong, composed of members of the fair sex, who evince a most remarkable discipline in all their evolutions, and thoroughly drub the Danes out of the field. *The Sea King's Vow* is a decided hit, and must be a heavy nightmare for poor Mr. OSBALDISTONE, who, we understand, has in active preparation an opposition drama, entitled, *The Ocean Monarch's Oath*, or *the Contest for Freedom*.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—The juveniles are attracted to this theatre by a very splendid spectacle lately brought out there, called *The Rajah of Nagpore*, which surpasses even the former magnificence of this favourite place of amusement. The feats of horsemanship which follow are as wonderful as any that have been exhibited in the same arena. The infantine artistes are remarkably clever.

M. PHILLIPPE.—The performances of this prince of jugglers at the Strand Theatre continue to attract delighted crowds, of all classes, from the peer downwards. M. PHILLIPPE has certainly carried the art of "Natural Magic" to a higher pitch of perfection than ever it has attained before in this country. Some of his sleights-of-hand are perfectly astounding; nor can the most skilled in such matters detect the manner of their performance. No description can convey the slightest notion of the reality. It must be seen to be appreciated; and an evening or a morning visit will not be regretted by any person, of any age or intellect.

M. A. DUMAS' NEW THEATRE.—A new theatre is about to be built in Paris, on the site of the Hotel Foulon. M. Alexandre Dumas is the chief promoter of this affair. The work of demolition has already commenced, and the architect chosen is M. de Dreux. It is said that it will be the most spacious and comfortable theatre in Paris. It will be as large as the French

Opera-house, and may be made to contain 2,400 people. All the seats will be numbered, and may be let in advance, if required. The highest price for a seat will be seven francs, and the lowest twelve sous (6d). The machinists and decorators are Messrs. Séchan and Co. The theatre will be opened on the 1st of April, 1847; and it is hoped that it will be patronised by the Duc de Montpensier, as formerly the Gymnase was by the Duchess de Berri.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—These American vocalists are evidently gaining in popularity. The large room in Hanover-square was completely filled on Wednesday, and every piece was followed by an *encore*. Instead of repeating their songs, they invariably sung others in their stead, which were usually comic. Here the tallest of the three brothers came out with great effect, and sung a quaint ditty deprecating the use of "Calomel;" another on the adventures of some Yankee wisecracks, who took the moon for half a cheese; and a third on the fate of an unlucky greenhorn, who travelled too far "down east," with a fund of dry humour that proved irresistible in shaking the sides of the audience. In the concerted pieces, the blending of the voices of the brothers with that of the sister, who is a *contralto*, is very agreeable. The accompaniments, which the singers themselves play on stringed instruments, are as simple as possible, and form a curious sort of under-current to the voices. Their more lugubrious strains are less to our taste than those of a more lively character; but in all they do a good hearty spirit is to be observed, capable alike of rendering pathos or hilarity. The oddity of the performance first strikes the hearers, but the true native feeling of the vocalists now makes a deeper impression. A quartet on the subject of emancipation, called "Get off the track," in which the progress of freedom is represented under the symbol of a railway, is one of their best pieces, and the imitation of the whistle and noise of the engine, gave a fillip to it which, if not artistical, was highly piquant. The first part of Tennyson's *May Queen*, set to a very simple air, was very nicely sung by Miss Hutchinson, and a very pretty effect was produced by the archness with which she introduced the refrain.—*Herald*.

FANNY ELSLER.—The *Journal des Debats* publishes the following letter from Foligno (Pontifical States) of the 2nd inst.: "Mademoiselle Fanny Elsler having terminated her engagement at Rome, has arrived in our town. Several of the most distinguished families had prepared apartments in their houses for the celebrated *artiste*, and sent to meet her and invite her to accept of their hospitality. Mademoiselle Elsler was much embarrassed how to make a selection without giving offence to the other parties. Under these circumstances, she thought the wisest plan would be to deposit all the names in a box and draw one out. This she did, and the paper drawn bore the names of M. and Madame Falconieri, at whose house she has taken up her abode. She has been engaged for twelve performances at our theatre."

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The Directors of this institution have, it seems, determined upon trying the merits of Coleman's Locomotive Engine, on a very large scale, to test its powers of ascending and descending inclined planes. For this purpose they have erected in the long gallery a railway, with a gradient of one in ten, and extending the whole length of the building. This is a very judicious step, as it will enable engineers and others to form a better estimate of the merits of the invention. We are glad to learn also that this useful institution is to be increased in magnitude, so as to enable the Directors to pay more attention than hitherto they have done to the subject of steam locomotion. The lectures on general chemistry, by Dr. JOHN RYAN, continue as attractive as ever. Dr. BACKHOFFNER's lectures on natural philosophy are at this season of the year extremely interesting and varied, and attract, as usual, crowded audiences. We must also give honourable mention to the school of steam navigation under Dr. RYAN, which is attended at this moment by many naval officers of the highest rank. The school for the railway engine drivers is numerously attended. This is certainly a class worthy of commendation, as it enables us to obtain as drivers men of good education and sound practical knowledge.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. At present it is necessarily imperfect.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road—Olympic, Wych-street. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.
 DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.
 COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.
 THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.
 CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.
 POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.
 ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-areade, Strand. Daily.
 THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.
 SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.
 MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillippe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

FANCY.

I ask what Fancy is, and airy voices
 Sing back the answer:
 Fancy, which now is sad and now rejoices,
 Is but a necromancer—
 A mountebank, for ever changing dresses,
 Now wearing rage, and now a golden crown;
 And in the one it blesses,
 And in the other presses down
 The heart as with the weight of years,
 Until by pressing sorrow's shining tears,
 The eyelids mounting,
 As if with conscious life, flow over like a fountain.

I ask how Fancy acts, and airy voices
 Sing back the answer:
 Fancy for ever upon tiptoe poises,
 And, like a ballet dancer,
 Still whirling, in our sight will fondly linger.
 The child a troop of mimic soldiers chooses,
 And rules them with his finger;
 But soon the heroes he refuses,
 For Fancy whispers to the boy,
 "Pri'thee have now another little toy."
 So man and woman
 In chasing the uncommon grow weary of the common.

Where Fancy dwells Humanity is telling
 From zone to zone;
 The universal bosom is its dwelling,
 The general heart its throne.
 The swarthy slave, oppress'd by galling trammels,
 Hears his chained foot strike music from the ground,
 And smiles while he enames
 The hard realities around.
 Nor him alone—his friend, his foe,
 Like him, shoot arrows forth from Fancy's bow,
 Which, always striking,
 Hit the drawn circle of man's liking or disliking.

And who shall say when Fancy is most rife,
 Or when it comes or goes?
 It is of life a portion of that life,
 As colour to the rose.
 But Fancy acts not only in the sunlight:
 A spirit hath no law of limitation:
 No—it will call in one night
 Ten thousand proofs of its creation.
 For ever in our bosoms keeping,
 It quits us not when we are mutely sleeping,
 But its assistance
 Makes all our life a dream—our dream a new existence.

Bridgewater. E. H. BURRINGTON.

NECROLOGY.

THE REV. DR. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Died, February 2nd, at Buxsted parsonage, Sussex, formerly Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in 1774, and was a younger brother of the present Poet Laureate. He received his early education at Hawkshead Grammar School, whence he proceeded in 1792 to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow in 1798. His first publication was in 1802,

"Six Letters to Granville Sharp, Esq. respecting his Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the New Testament." About this time he became domestic chaplain to Dr. Mannors Sutton, Bishop of Norwich, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury. He married Priscilla, daughter of Charles Lloyd, Esq. of Birmingham. In 1804 he was presented to the living of Oby, Norfolk, whence in about two years he was promoted to the deanery of Bocking. In 1809 he published "Ecclesiastical Biography, or Lives of Eminent Men connected with the History of Religion in England from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Revolution," in six volumes, 8vo. In 1810 appeared his "Reasons for declining to become a Subscriber to the British and Foreign Bible Society," which was followed by "Two Letters to Lord Teignmouth" on the same subject. In the same year he proceeded to the degree of D.D. by royal mandate. In 1811 he took an active part in the foundation of the National Society. In 1816 he became rector of St. Mary's, Lambeth, and Sundridge, Kent; in the former of which parishes he devoted himself with great activity and success to the erection and endowment of additional churches. Soon afterwards he served also as chaplain of the House of Commons. In the year 1820 he was promoted to the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the room of Bishop Mansel. He discharged the duties of this office during a period of 21 years. In 1824 he published a very elaborate volume of "Icon Basilike," followed by a Documentary Supplement in 1828, and a "Reply to Objections in 1828, which the late Mr. Southey used to say had set this question at rest. In 1837 he produced "Christian Institutes," in four volumes, 8vo. compiled from the writings of the best English divines, and illustrated with notes; a work designed to serve as a digest of Christian doctrine and discipline for the use of the younger clergy, and the members of the liberal and learned professions. About the same time appeared his "Remarks on the Ecclesiastical Commission and the Universities; in a letter to a friend." In 1840 he resigned the Mastership of Trinity College, and retired to the parish of Buxted, where he exerted himself with success in the building and endowment of one new church, and in the rebuilding of another. His last publication was in 1845, being a sermon preached at Withyham church, and entitled "Duties Individual and National." He has, it is stated, bequeathed by will 500*l.* to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; 500*l.* to the National Society; and 500*l.* to the Society for the Building and Enlargement of Churches.—*Abridged from Camb. Chron.*

MR. WILLIAM HAWES.

WILLIAM HAWES, the composer, is no more. He died at his house, in the Adelphi-terrace, on Wednesday morning, of disease of the heart. He was born in London in 1785, and became a chorister in the Chapel Royal, under Dr. Edmund Ayrton, in 1793, where he remained till 1801. In 1802 he joined the band at Covent-garden Theatre, as violinist, and became a singing-master. In 1803 he was named deputy vicar-choral of Westminster Abbey, and was subsequently fully appointed. In 1805 he was nominated gentleman in ordinary of his Majesty's Chapel Royal. In 1806 he was elected honorary member of the Noblemen's Catch Club. In 1807 he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and in 1838 honorary member of the Somerset-house Lodge, and of the Madrigal Society and Concertores. He was one of the original associates of the Philharmonic Society, which began in 1813. In 1814 he was appointed almoner, master of the boys, and lay vicar of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in 1817 master of the children of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, and lutist to his Majesty. He resigned the post of vicar-choral in Westminster Abbey. He was the first promoter of the Royal Harmonic Institution at the Argyle Rooms; he afterwards commenced as a music-publisher in the Strand. He was for some years director of music at the Lyceum, under Mr. Arnold's management, and first produced Weber's *Der Freischutz* in this country, in 1824, and many other classical operas by Winter, Paer, Marschner, Mozart, &c. He was conductor of the Madrigal Society, and of the Western Madrigal Society, member of the Glee Club at the Thatched House, the Catch Club, &c. For many years Mr. Hawes had the direction of the music at the principal city companies,

charitable dinners, &c. He was the composer of several popular glee, songs, madrigals, &c. He was much respected, and will be sincerely lamented by a numerous circle of friends. He has left a widow and six children, one of whom, Miss M. B. Hawes, is the celebrated singer of sacred music. Mr. Hawes, although a counter-tenor by nature, had the faculty of being able to sing any part in a glee. He was a performer on the organ, piano, violin, viola, and violoncello. His publication of "The Triumphs of Oriana," a collection of madrigals by composers of the Elizabethan era, will be an imperishable record of his musical abilities.—*Morning Chronicle*.

MR. FRISELL.

The Paris papers mention the death, in England, of Mr. Frisell, our countryman by birth, though accident had made him a Frenchman by residence and association for more than half a century. Having gone into that country in 1792, at the age of eighteen, for the purpose of completing his education, he settled himself at Dijon, which had then the reputation of preserving the best pronunciation of the French language, and became involved in the decree of the Convention for the arrest of suspected persons. In his prison in that town, were assembled the best company of the Côte-d'Or; and there Mr. Frisell formed friendships which tempted him to Paris, when its doors were opened, and introduced him to the choicest circles of that capital. Here he became the friend of Chateaubriand (whose touching stanzas, so well known under the title of *Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur*, were written on the occasion of the death of Mr. Frisell's daughter, at the age of seventeen), of M. de Fontanes, M. Joubert, and many other of the distinguished literary and learned men of France; by whom he was esteemed for his various acquirements. He published, in French, a short treatise on the English constitution; valued in that country as giving the clearest and most precise view of the subject, in a summary way, at which the general reader had been able to arrive. Mr. Frisell was on the point of returning to Paris, when death arrested him on his native soil.

NEOPHYTOS DOUKAS.

The Greek papers mention the death, at Athens, at the age of ninety-five, of one of the patriarchs of literature, Neophytos Doukas; a man who devoted his life to the subject of education, and all his fortune to the publication of the Greek authors, distributing their works gratuitously among students and men of letters, not in Greece only, but wherever the Hellenic race is scattered. Profoundly versed in the ancient language, which he wrote with the utmost facility, he has left behind him many works and commentaries of value. To the close of his greatly extended life, his literary zeal and activity never flagged. "To virtues truly evangelical," says the *Courrier d'Athènes*, "he added a pleasant genius, and manners of an antique simplicity:—he leaves to his country the memory of his patriotism, his learning, and his benefits." The whole body of the University and the students of the schools, the ministers, deputations from the Chambers, and the citizens in crowds, met, to acknowledge them, above his grave.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of THE CRITIC to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

THE PRESENT WINTER.—M. Arago, the celebrated French savan, gives the following information in the "Annual of the Office of Longitudes for 1846, which we lay before our readers, for the purpose of demonstrating that the mildness of temperature which has hitherto prevailed this winter is not so extraordinary as it is generally supposed:—"The meteorological state of a given place is far less variable than those would be led to believe who judge by their own personal sensations, by vague reminiscences, and by the state of the crops. Thus, at Paris, the average temperatures of the years oscillate within very narrow limits. The annual average temperature of Paris from 1806 to 1826 inclusive, was from 10° 8-10ths above 0, or zero. The greatest of the 21 annual averages only exceeded the general average by 1° 3-10ths, and the least of the average annual temperatures was only 1° 4-10ths below the general average. As

far, therefore, as the annual average temperatures are concerned, systematic meteorologists have only to foresee, to predict very slight perturbations. The causes of perturbation will satisfy all phenomena, if they can produce 1° 5-10ths (centigrade) of variation, more or less. It is not the same with the months. The differences between the general and the partial averages amount in January and December to 4 and 5 centigrade degrees. By virtue of these variations, if the extreme temperatures of each month be compared with the average or normal temperatures of all the others, it will be found that the month of January is sometimes as temperate as the average month of March; that the month of February sometimes resembles the second average fortnight of January; that the month of March sometimes resembles the average month of April, or the second average fortnight of January; that the month of April never attains the temperature of the month of May; that the month of May is very frequently, on an average, hotter than certain months of June; that the month of June is sometimes, on an average, hotter than certain months of July; that the month of July is sometimes, on an average, hotter than certain months of August; that the month of August is sometimes, on an average, slightly colder than certain months of September; that the month of September is sometimes, on an average, colder than certain months of October; that the month of October may be, on an average, nearly three degrees colder than certain months of November; that the month of November may be, on an average, five degrees colder than the hottest months of December; and that the month of December may be, on an average, seven degrees colder than the month of January."

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

[Every person feels the want of an honest informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

MR. MEYER'S INK.—A bottle of this ink, the invention of Mr. Meyer, whose name is well known as a writer on natural history, has been sent to us for trial. Of the value of a good ink, that is to say, one that will not clog the pen, that is not greasy, that does not thicken in the stand, and that grows black instead of brown upon the paper, none are so competent to testify as they whose life is passed with a pen in the hand, and whose very thoughts are speeded or delayed by the easy or sluggish flow of the medium through which they are conveyed. Now, having made the trial requested, we can truly say that Mr. Meyer's ink fulfils these desirable conditions, and can be recommended accordingly. But let us offer a word of advice to the maker, and indeed to all vendors of ink. The custom is to put it into bottles the necks of which are so constructed that when we desire to pour from them into the inkstand, half of it runs down the bottle upon the table or floor. Then the corks are so bad, and so badly put in, that they are spoiled in the opening, and the unused contents of the bottle are rendered almost valueless. A trifling improvement in the form of the bottle, and a better cork, that might be taken out with ease and returned, would be a real boon to ink-buyers, that is, to all the world, and would make the fortune of the designer.

DOLBY'S SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO NOTE-PAPER, ENVELOPES, AND WAFERS.—The lovers of neatness will be in raptures with these pretty boxes, which contain a quire of the best note-paper of different sizes, an equal number of adhesive envelopes, stamped with various mottoes, and some fifty wafers, with mottoes selected from Shakspeare; it will form an elegant and acceptable present.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—M. Gaudin presented to the Academy an account of a new light which he proposes to have on board ships, so as to prevent accidents at sea. The apparatus consists of a reservoir of oxygen, from which the gas flows under a pressure of mercury, and enters a flame produced by ether or spirits of wine through a small aperture at the axis of the wick, and the light thus oxygenated is thrown upon a piece of magnesia fastened to a thread of platina. The lamp in which these are placed has a reflector, and the whole is enclosed, with apertures for air, in such a way as to be safe from external injury. M. Gaudin is of opinion that this light may be applied

with great advantage to railroad locomotives, as well as vessels at sea, and the expense does not appear to be at all in proportion to the important service that it would render.—A paper was received from M. Serres, on the means of the cure of stammering. M. Serres recommends the equalization of pronunciation, viz.: a deliberate enunciation of each syllable, a firm determination in the stammerer to conquer the defect, and the aid of muscular action. The two first-mentioned means have, we believe, been tried with success in many cases; the third appears to have something like novelty, as regards at least the explanation that he gives of the effect of gesticulation. He says, "As the action of intelligence will not always suffice for the regular enunciation of syllables, the stammerer must have recourse to the motion of the hand or any other part of the body. If it is necessary to raise the voice and cause it to undergo inflections and modulations, gesticulation, which becomes a sort of pedal, will aid in the accomplishment of this physiological function, for the action will ascend to the chest and assist or moderate the muscular action of the thorax."

BATTERSEA PARK AND CHELSEA BRIDGE.—The report of the Metropolitan Improvements Committee recommends to Government to impark 326 acres of Battersea-fields, with a terrace along the bank of the river, and erect an iron suspension-bridge, like that at Hammersmith, across the Thames, in the direction of a continuation of Sloane-street. The cost is estimated at about 150,000*l.* and the returns at 6,000*l.* a-year, independently of future increase, and great industrial and moral advantages to the adjacent districts.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of *The Critic* is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

SINGULAR CASE AT BATH.—(Communicated by Mr. Saunders, of Joy Cottage—concluded from our last.)—I MUST now retrace my steps to a former part of the evening. Miss H. still remained asleep; sometimes we were, by the reverse passes and blowing, enabled to get one eye partially open, but it soon closed again, and she continued in a very melancholy and dejected state. She was about to leave England in a few days, and felt great sorrow at parting with her friends. She had been sitting close to Mrs. Saunders, both crying, the one from the cause above stated, and the other through sympathy. We endeavoured to separate them; and when I took Mrs. S. across the garden to our summer-house, Miss H. insisted upon following, and the united efforts of Mr. T. H. and Mr. Collins were not sufficient to prevent her; she kept continually crying out for Mrs. Saunders, and rushed across to where Mrs. S. was. I had just succeeded in demesmerising Mrs. S. I put her hand into that of Miss H. and said, "Don't cry, for here is Mrs. Saunders." Miss H. immediately replied "This is Mrs. Saunders, but not the Mrs. Saunders that I want;" the mesmeric chain was broken by Mrs. S. being demesmerised. Miss H. was walked about the garden for some time, and after reclining upon a sofa for about an hour she awoke, was rather hungry, and went home with her father who had called for her. She declares that she remembers nothing until she reached her own house. She passed a sleepless night, but felt nothing of it the next day beyond an occasional drowsiness. Mrs. Saunders also passed a restless night, and got up the next day with a very bad headache and in a very nervous state, occasionally crying without any apparent cause; the slightest thing would send her into the mesmeric sleep; my merely (when in the same room with her) thinking of a mesmeric case which was inserted in *THE CRITIC* sent her into a sound coma from which it was difficult to restore her. When she was in bed at night I was awoken by a kind of gurgling noise; I found that her right hand (clenched) was strongly catalepted, and pressing with considerable force against her throat—both hands were catalepted. I made some reverse passes without effect, but upon blowing on the arm it immediately resumed its natural state, and in a short time she came to herself, and told me that the last thing she remembered was her having a slight toothache, and putting her hand up to her face. For the last fortnight she has remained in a very melancholy state, with great pain in the head. She would frequently, when sitting with me go spontaneously into the sleep. I blew upon her head for the purpose of demesmerising her. When I blew from the forehead to the back of the head, she said it cooled

her head; that she felt the cold air penetrate her brain and go all over her; but when I blew from the back of the head to the forehead, she complained bitterly of the great heat. I tried this frequently, and with the same breath, always producing the same result. I have also tried it upon other patients (some in the waking state, when the same effect has been produced). Mr. F. H. and some friends being at our cottage, she went into the mesmeric sleep by his merely looking at her at a distance for about a minute. He wrote something on a piece of paper, and placed it upon her head, and asked her to read it; she replied, "it is Dr. Barnes." "You are not correct," said Mr. F. H. "Well, then," she replied, "write it plainer, and then I will tell you what it is." Mr. F. H. wrote again, and placed it under her foot; she said, "it is Dr. something, but that large P. hides the other letters. Oh! now I have it; it is Dr. Pring." When we looked at the paper we found that she was quite correct; he had written the same upon the first piece of paper, but with less care, and she, no doubt, took the P for a capital B. Having read in the last number of the *Zoist* some curious experiments, by an American, upon the Phrenological organs, I wished to test them myself. I tied a bandage over Mrs. S.'s eyes (she was awake), and placed her finger on Mr. F. H.'s organ of destructiveness. She could not tell for some time what organ it was, but in about five minutes she said she felt very cross, she did not know why, but she was very cross indeed. I asked her to put her hand upon some other part of his head, but she was unable to do so, for she said her finger stuck as firmly as though it were glued or nailed. Mr. F. H. moved his head quickly forwards, backwards, sideways, &c. but the finger adhered firmly to the same spot; he ran round the room, turned several times short round, but still the finger stuck obstinately to the head, nor could it be removed until I blew upon the hand, and then it instantly relaxed. I find her organs easiest manifested (when asleep) by placing her finger upon the organ of another person. The day before yesterday Mrs. S. went into the mesmeric sleep, and Miss W. a friend with a lively disposition, was with us, and she laughed very heartily at something said by Mrs. S. who also began laughing, saying, "don't laugh, for you make me laugh;" the two kept laughing for some time. I thought I would seize this opportunity to demesmerise her, the organ of mirth (from sympathy) being excited; I tried to do so, but could not succeed. Mrs. F. H. who was also with us, made a few reverse passes over her, and she came perfectly to herself. She is, since then, in much better spirits, and the pain in her head is all but gone. The foregoing is but a very slight sketch of the various phenomena which we have witnessed through this case, and I am perfectly satisfied that the difficulty experienced in demesmerising the patients was the effect of cross-mesmerism, but I must refer to that at some future time.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of *THE CRITIC* sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (3*s.* 5*d.*) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

EUGENE SUE.—M. Eugène Sue, whose fictions are at present so popular, was born at Paris on the 10th of December, 1804. The Empress Josephine and her son Prince Eugène Beauharnois, were his godmother and godfather. The Sue family is very ancient, and has been established for many years at Lacolme, near Cannes, in Provence. It is still represented there by M. Sue, a retired officer of high rank, and great-uncle to our author. The majority of Eugène Sue's relatives have been physicians of great celebrity. His great grandfather, Peter, and his grandfather, Joseph, have left extensive anatomical works; and to them the French medical school owes the introduction of the pathology of Gaubius, which succeeded that of Boerhaave. Joseph and Jean Joseph both graduated at the Edinburgh University, and made known to their countrymen, in numerous translations, the works of the Scotch school of medicine. Our author's father was chief physician to the Imperial Guard in the Russian campaign, and has also published several popular works. Immediately after the restoration he became the king's physician, and lived in intimate friendship with the Empress Josephine, Franklin, Massena, Moreau, and all the great personages of the consulate epoch. He made a generous bequest to the Academy of the Fine Arts of a magnificent collection of comparative anatomy, and objects of natural history, formed in his own family by four generations of physicians, and

which constitutes a gallery in the Palace of the Fine Arts of great value. Eugène Sue himself, according to the wishes of his father, entered upon a medical career. He was surgeon attached to the military suite of the king; then to the staff of the army in Spain in 1823; and also, in the same campaign, to the seventh regiment of artillery. He was present at the siege of Cadix, at the taking of Trocadero, and at that of Tarafa. In 1824 he quitted the land for the naval service. He made several voyages in the Atlantic; and having traversed the West Indies, he returned to the Mediterranean, visited Greece, and in 1828 was present in the ship Breslau at the battle of Navarino. On returning from this campaign, he renounced the navy and medicine, and took up his abode at Paris, where, thanks to the handsome income he enjoys as a paternal inheritance, he was enabled to lead a life of brilliant happiness. His favourite occupation at this time was painting, which he studied at his friend's, the celebrated Gudin. The idea of turning novel writer was not thought of by Eugène Sue till 1830, when an old comrade of the artillery happened, in conversation, to remark that as "Cooper and Marryat had made the sea romance popular, he ought to write his recollections, and create the maritime romance of the French." This pleased our author. He quitted the painting-brush and took up the pen. His first work was "Kernock the Pirate," the success of which caused him to continue to write, following the dictates of a lively and fertile fancy. Thus appeared in succession numerous works, which may be arranged in the following order:—*Sea Romances*, *Kernock the Pirate*, *Plick and Plock*, *Attar Gull*, *the Salamander*, and *the Watch Tower of Koatven*. *Maritime History*—History of the French Marine under Louis IV. and abridgment of the military marine of every people. *Historical Romances*—*Latreumont*, *Jean Cavalier*, and *Lectorieres*, the Commander of Malta. *Romances of Manners*—*Arthur*, *La Concratcha*, *Dyletar*, *L'Hotel Lambert*, *Mathilde*, &c. *Philosophical and Political Romances*—*The Mysteries of Paris*, *the Female Blue Beard*, and *the Wandering Jew*, a tale of the Jesuits. *Dasamar Latreumont*, the Pretendress, and several others of great effect, produced in concert with Messrs. Dinaux and Legouve. M. Eugène Sue at present inhabits, in the heights of the Faubourg St. Honoré, a little mansion covered with creeping plants and flowers, which overarch the peristyle. A fountain plays in his most beautiful of gardens, in the midst of rocks and sea plants, and a long close gallery, walled in with sculpture and plants, leads from the house to a little outer gate quite hidden under an artificial rock. The interior of the house is composed of very small apartments, somewhat confined, and rendered obscure by the flowers hanging down the windows. The furniture is crimson, with golden nails; the sleeping apartment alone is lighter, and of a blue colour. There is scattered about a little of every style—Gothic, Renaissance, Fantastic, and French. The walls of the drawing-room are hid by works of art, painting, and sculpture, various curiosities, family portraits, masterpieces, and works of modern artists, his friends. Glorious names shine in every part—Delcroix, Gudin, Isabey, Vernet, &c. A drawing of Madame de Lamartine, and some verses of the illustrious poet occupy a conspicuous place. One picture in particular has a privileged situation upon canvas, in the midst of the coquetries of the drawing-room. It is an anchorite of Isabey, of terrible effect, forming a remarkable contrast in that little temple of luxury. The favourite horses, dogs, &c. of M. Sue are the subjects of the majority of the remainder, painted either by himself or by M. Alfred Dedreux. In all these we detect traits of character, a passion for luxury and strong emotions, with a reaction towards retirement and meditation, an enlightened taste for the fine arts, and a love of animals and plants. Among the many authors who may be termed successful, few have attained a popularity so extensive as Eugène Sue. —*Correspondent of Glasgow Examiner*.

Mr. Henry Hallam, Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Wyon, Mr. Macdonald (?), and Mr. Landseer, have been chosen Members of the Royal Academy of Brussels.

A REGAL WRITING-MASTER.—There lately died at Versailles (says one of the Paris journals) a little old man, who always dressed in the style of the last century, and who had in his youth been writing master to Louis XVII. By a singular coincidence, the functions which he had fulfilled near the person of the Dauphin had been performed by his ancestors, from father to son, from the time of Louis XIII. exclusively. He had, however, nothing to leave at his death to his grand-daughter, a young woman of twenty, but a series of copybooks, written by the several members of the Royal family. On one collection of papers were written the words, "All this was written by Louis XIV. at the age of 10." The young woman found that she had a precious collection of Royal writing, and she has obtained not less than 60,000*fr.* for the portion written by Louis XVII.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.—At a recent competition of an American Institution, the prize for "the best pair of domestic silk stockings" was awarded to the poetess. This seems to indicate that the "blues" are improving. William Howitt declares, in one of his books, that he does not know a better house manager than his

own wife, and we should be glad to have more of this kind of statistics.

RAIN AND RESOLUTION.—Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece—they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions, they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued, when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, "Come on, Jerrold, what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?" So they walked home, and were heroically wet through.—*Blanchard's Sketches from Life*.

THE PRESS IN 1812.—The following extract from the *Edinburgh Courier* of July 1812 is curious, as exhibiting the wonderful change which has taken place in the character and quality of periodical literature "thirty years ago," as compared with the present day:—"Modern literature affords no examples of the multiplication of copies equal to those of Moore's Almanack, and Mavor's Spelling-Book. Of that famous Almanack, about 420,000 copies are sold annually; and of that generally used Spelling-Book about 120,000 in the same period; yet, as the former consists of only two sheets, and the latter of seven, each consumes 840,000 sheets, or 1680 reams of paper! If, then, one printing-press can work three reams per day, Moore's Almanack will employ four presses, or eight men, nearly six months; and Mavor's Spelling-Book two presses, or four men, all the year, besides the employment of binders, &c. The press of no country boasts of works of similar circulation."

COPYRIGHTS.—After two days' argument in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, Mr. Bohn has obtained an injunction against Mr. Bogue, to restrain the further sale of the first volume of the "European Library," containing the *Life*, &c. of Lorenzo de' Medici, with illustrations taken from another work of Mr. Roscoe's, of which Mr. Bohn claims the copyright; which right is directed to be established in a court of law.

Sir Benjamin Brodie has resigned his place on the Examining Board, and, we presume, the Council of the College of Surgeons of England.—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE LATE MR. MICHAEL NUGENT.—On Saturday last, a meeting (rather of a private nature,) originating with the friends and conferees in the newspaper press of the metropolis, of the late Mr. Michael Nugent, was held at the Crown and Anchor tavern, for the purpose of adopting measures for erecting a tablet or monument to designate the spot in Kensal-green Cemetery, where rest the ashes of that able and esteemed man,—and also for the benevolent purpose of establishing the basis of a fund for the pecuniary assistance of his family. The meeting, which was presided over by Mr. Thornton, was numerously attended, and resolutions embracing both the objects for which the meeting had been convened were unanimously adopted. In the course of the proceedings, Mr. Carew, the celebrated sculptor, most generously, and with much feeling, volunteered to contribute, from his studio, a medallion in marble of his late lamented friend, so that the testimonial promises to be a valuable work of art, as well as a just tribute to departed worth. Mr. Francis Phippen was nominated treasurer to the fund, (to which a most liberal contribution was made on the instant,) and Mr. Bousfield undertook to discharge the duties of honorary secretary. It was also announced that Messrs. Twinings, the bankers, had kindly consented to receive subscriptions, and that books would also be opened at other banking houses.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Feb. 14 to Feb. 21.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Archbold's Criminal Pleading, by Jervis and Welsby, 10th edit. royal 12mo. 11. 2s. bds.—An Engraving illustrating the Arts of Phonography and Phototypy. Prints, 1s.; proof prints, 2s. 6d.; elegant embossed proof prints, 5s.

D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, Vol. IV. by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, assisted in the preparation of the English Original by H. White, B.A. 8vo. 12s. cl.

Englishman's Library, Vol. XXVII. "Wilberforce's History of the American Church," 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.
 Fox's (W. J.) Lectures to the Working Classes, Vol. III. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Green's (H., A.M.) Questions on Latham's Grammar, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Hall's Latin Roots, 5th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Howitt's (Mrs.) Sketches of Natural History, illustrated, square 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Martineau's (Miss) Forest and Game Law Tales, 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Morris's Recollections of Military Service in 1813-15, 3rd edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.—My Duty; Thoughts and Reflections for his Flock, by a Village Pastor, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Nicholson's (Peter) Guide to Railway Masonry and the Oblique Arch, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
 Prescott's (W. H.) History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, 4th edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. cl.
 Specimens of Garden Decorations and Ornamental Scenery appropriate to Pleasure Grounds, 24 plates, folio, 31s. 6d. cl.—Sacred Poems for Mourners, with an Introduction, by the Rev. R. C. Trench, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Salt's (Sam.) Railway and Canal Statistics, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Shelford on Railways, 2nd edit. enlarged, 12mo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Slack's Hints on the Study of the Law, 2nd edit. 3s. bds.
 Williams's (late Rev. W. of Werns) Memoirs, by the Rev. W. Rees, translated from Welsh by the Rev. J. R. Jones, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATEVER.
 "The Maiden of Provence" is declined for other reasons, want of room for it being one. We thank the writer for his good opinion.
 A correspondent informs us that the copy of Coverdale's Bible mentioned last week as discovered at Holkham has been long known there. It has obtained publicity now only in consequence of its having been sent to be bound.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S HOSPITAL BALL.—We perceive by the daily papers, as well as by an advertisement in our own columns of to-day, to which we refer our readers, that the SEVENTEENTH Annual Ball of this Hospital is fixed for Tuesday, 3rd March next, and from what we know, from good authority, of the great utility of this charity, as well as from the excellent manner in which its balls have hitherto been conducted, we heartily hope this Seventeenth Anniversary Ball will prove a profitable one.

THE WAY TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.—To get on in this world you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you haven't the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office-stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn-door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for your's if you don't do business. Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side the street again, skiver me, and welcome; but to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a stickler. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

In Paris, the Academy of Sciences has elected our gallant countryman, Sir John Franklin, to be a corresponding member of its body, in the Section of Astronomy and Navigation. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has chosen three corresponding members, in the persons of M. Frédéric Bastiat and M. de Lafarelle, Frenchmen, and one learned foreigner, Signor Grimaldi, the Finance Minister at Turin. And the Academy of St. Petersburg has elected M. de Salvandy an honorary member, and MM. Dumas and Jullien, of the Institute, corresponding members of its society.

LONGEVITY.—The *Univers* mentions the death in Belgium of a man named Jean Joseph Dinsart, at the extraordinary age of 106 years, wanting two months. He preserved his intellectual faculties to the last, read without spectacles, kept his own ac-

counts most accurately, wrote with a firm hand, and in fine weather took regular exercise.

MENTAL HEALTH.—Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide, anguish of body few. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more importance than the health of the body.—*Colton.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW SAUCE.

THE TAUNTON SAUCE.—This choice and delicious condiment, in addition to other merits, lays claim to that of complete originality; nothing similar to it having hitherto been brought before the public. All who have used it are unanimous and loud in its praise. To Fish, Soups, Game, Steaks, Curries, and cold meats, it imparts a singular relish; and the inventress (a lady of great experience, under whose hands the Sauce is prepared) pledges herself that the ingredients of which it is composed, unlike those of most sauces, comprise nothing but what is stimulative of digestion, and rather beneficial than injurious to the stomach. A trial of this Sauce is respectfully solicited, in the full confidence that if this be accorded to it subsequent patronage will be ensured.

"We have three reasons for inviting attention to an advertisement of this preparation, which will be found in our columns of this day. The first is, on the principle that the merits of a good thing cannot be too extensively promulgated; the second is, that the sauce is the invention of a lady, widely and flatteringly known throughout the west of England for her culinary ability; and the third results from a belief that both the public and the inventress will equally benefit by the making of it known—the former by the acquisition of a useful and innocuous condiment, and the latter by that of an income which shall support the decline of life, and make some compensation for the loss of an affluent position of which misfortune and not misconduct has unhappily deprived her. Judging the Taunton Sauce, however, purely by its own merits, we are fully justified in according to it unqualified commendation; a more delicately flavoured, yet at the same time rich and piquant condiment we never before tried. There is a similarity, more or less, in the numerous class of sauces, that proves their close relationship, and how difficult it is to be original, even in this as in other things. Yet the sauce under notice is undoubtedly a novelty. To our own opinion in its favour we may add the unanimous praises of all to whom we have offered it, including a connoisseur in science *a la cuisine* of high authority. For these reasons we recommend the Taunton Sauce, in the full confidence that on trial it will be found deserving of even a higher encomium than it has received at our hands."—*The Critic.*

Wholesale Agents, Messrs. Batty and Co. Finsbury Pavement, Finsbury-square. It may be had by retail of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly; Mr. Hickson, 72, Welbeck-street, Oxford-street; Mr. Taylor, Regent-street; Mr. Day, Gracechurch-street; and, by order, of all respectable grocers and oilmen throughout the country.

"TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO-BODY GOOD."—TEA AT HALF-A-CROWN A POUND.—

The prostrated state of the Share Market, and the dearth of Money in the City, have produced their effects. Merchants are compelled to sacrifice their commoner sorts of Teas. How long this depression may last becomes a question; but whilst it does continue, the public must have the benefit of it. The 6lb. Bag of Doas Tea is now, therefore, Fifteen Shillings.

EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY'S OFFICE, No. 9, GREAT ST. HELEN'S CHURCHYARD.

Every Saturday will be published, stamped, price 6d. size of *The Times*.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

A GENERAL NEWSPAPER, But particularly devoted to the interests of Municipal, Corporate and Parochial Bodies, Public Companies, and Building Societies. A few of the most important features of THE WEEKLY NEWS are subjoined:—

A careful Summary of the Proceedings in Parliament.

Faithful reports of all meetings affecting the interests of the various parishes, whether on local or political subjects.

A determined support of the principle of local self-government, and the exposure of all misappropriation in the disbursement of rates raised for the relief of the poor or for other purposes.

The amelioration of the condition, moral and social, of the poor, upon the ground of right as well as law, which will include an uncompromising opposition to the present cruel, unjust, and oppressive Poor Law.

The repeal of the corn laws, window tax, and all other odious imposts upon the public, will receive the attention of the conductors, whilst the political tenets of the Journal will be at once liberal and independent, based upon the principles of philanthropy to all. A due attention to Railway matters will also form a striking feature in the columns of THE WEEKLY NEWS.

In fine, THE WEEKLY NEWS, in addition to a carefully prepared digest of all the political, parochial, and general news of the week, will contain the latest intelligence up to Saturday night, including Law and Police News, Notices of the Theatres and various places of Public Amusement, Scientific Institutions, &c. &c.

As a medium for Advertisements, especially for Parochial Authorities and Public Contractors, THE WEEKLY NEWS will be a great desideratum, inasmuch as it must obtain an immense circulation amongst the members of all Boards of Guardians, Vestries, &c. throughout the kingdom, as well as the Commercial and Trading classes.

Office, 5, Catherine-street, Strand, where all Advertisements and Communications for the Editors are requested to be sent. THE WEEKLY NEWS may be obtained of any newsreader throughout the kingdom, by previous order, or at the office, as above.

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S HOSPITAL BALL, Hanover-square Rooms.—The SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL FANCY and DRESS BALL, in aid of the funds of the above hospital, will take place on TUESDAY, 3rd of March, 1846.

Prospectuses containing a list of the Stewards may be had at the hospital, Queen-street, Golden-square; and at the Hanover-square Rooms. Tickets 10s. 6d. each, to include refreshments. Adam's Full Quadrille Band. Programmes of the Dances may be had with the Tickets.

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